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## THE NEW APPOINTMENTS.

LORD DERBY has played his two best cards, but he hesitated so long, and looked so mysterious, that the world naturally supposed he was going to lead with the ace of trumps. Lord STANLEY had been generally named for the Board of Control, in the event of no eminent recruit being attracted from outside. We have always thought it one of the felicities of Lord DERBY's position, and one which must go far to compensate him for the discomforts of his penal dignity, that he can promote his son to power and distinction without suspicion of partiality. This advantage he owes chiefly, of course, to the general respect in which Lord STANLEY is held, but the circumstance which prevents the slightest shock even to the most fastidious delicacy is Lord PALMERSTON's tender of the Colonial Office to the rising statesman. A Roman Emperor, old and satiated with power, often associated his son with him in the purple, but by a singular fatality the youth thus elevated turned out almost invariably a monster or a voluptuary. Lord DERBY, as tired of his seat as ever could be the master of the world, can have no fears concerning the worthiness of his colleague. So few are the mistakes which Lord STANLEY has made as yet, that any one who should undertake to predict his future career would be almost certain to overrate its brilliancy. A nobleman undergoing the process of de-Conservatization is necessarily in a transition-state; and it is beyond all question that Lord STANLEY cannot always enjoy his present popularity with both forms of opinion in the House and the country. The safest proposition to hazard about him is that, up to this time, he has made the most of many individual and many conventional advantages, and that, for the rest, he now enters on his trial. The best augury for his success in the Indian Department is the boldness he has exhibited in defying some vulgar religious prejudices—the worst is that tinge of doctrinarism which colours his public course. The value of administrative traditions, and the weakness of rule-and-line projects, are in danger of being neglected by a man of his cast of mind.

The other appointment of Lord DERBY recalls the fact that in the present Government we have two very eminent novelists, who, through innumerable utterances of fiction, have proclaimed their intention of becoming first-class statesmen, and who have actually kept their word. In regard to Sir E. BULWER LYTTON's elevation to the Colonial Secretaryship, and the important question, What will he do with it? we can only apply the inferences furnished by the career of the equally fortunate artist who is his colleague in office. It is remarkable that the principles which disclose themselves in Mr. DISRAELI's statesmanship are those of his earlier and not those of his later romances. Somehow, the moral lessons of the great Young England series of tales do not seem to have borne fruit. Mr. Coningsby, now that his hair has thinned and that he has developed a certain tendency to stoutness, has ceased to think that the golden period of life is that at which Don JOHN of AUSTRIA won the Battle of Lepanto; and it is even whispered that he was heard to murmur something like "infernal coxcomb" when a young gentleman recently insisted (as is the wont of contemporary youth) on instilling into him the opinions of Mr. KINGSLEY in the phraseology of Mr. RUSKIN. Since the organized hypocrisy went out in 1846, he has joined in many a cry. Mr. Coningsby is even rather famous as the author of the well-known placard, so effective in 1852, "DERBY, DISRAELI, and Down with Democracy;" he was a staunch and (as he put it himself) a fearless opponent of Papal Aggression; and, except that of the Member for Wicklow, no voice was louder than his in cheering all the hard hits at CANNING and Confiscation. It may be added that he has conceived a genuine admiration for the administrative abilities of Mr. Taper; and it is said that he joined the

other day in soliciting the PRIME MINISTER to bestow the Civil Cross of the Bath on the active and energetic Sir Thomas Tadpole. But, though the apophthegmatic truths which Sidonia developed to Coningsby—who, we grieve to say, is often too much indisposed to attend divisions on the Jew Bill—appear to have died out in the decrepitude of middle age, the principles of Vivian Grey enjoy a perennial vitality. That adventurous boy is the true father of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. If he ever returned from that visit to the Continent during which he outwitted METTERNICH and nearly ran away with an Archduchess—if he had succeeded in ultimately forming an administration under the Marquis of Carabas—we may be quite sure that he would have made a certain speech at Slough. That touch about the foreign element in the Cabal—that announcement that war with France was an affair of hours—that glorification of the Budget—all these belong to the moral code of the youthful Vivian.

These indications of a law governing the conduct of a statesman-novelist are furnished by Mr. DISRAELI; but we trust that the induction is either faulty or imperfect, for it will be most disastrous if Sir E. BULWER LYTTON's Colonial policy follows an exact parallel. If, indeed, Sir EDWARD carries into act the doctrine of his later novels, no harm will be done. He has come out recently as the panegyrist of sheer stupidity; and his ideal of humanity—he no longer prints those useful words with an initial capital—is a thickheaded English squire. There is even one of his recent books in which a well-educated adventurer, whose sole sins are good natural parts and a wish to get on in political life, is hunted to death with a vindictiveness so unaccountable that, in mere charity, one suspects the novelist of intending, not so much to malign ability in general as to lay a penitential scourge on his own rather indurated back. But these principles of Mr. Pisistratus Caxton, be they good or bad in themselves, are exceedingly reassuring in a statesman who late in life begins an apprenticeship to office with the government of our Colonial Empire. If Sir EDWARD really believes in crassitude of intellect, and has lost all ambition to be clever, the Colonies will take no harm from him. Of his earlier principles, however, as applied to colonial administration, we have a genuine terror. If the True and the Beautiful attempt to operate on the affairs of our dependencies, there will be a mess somewhere. The teaching of Eugene Aram might cause a rebellion if applied to the convict question, and the haughty self-concentration of Ernest Maltravers would be out of place in Sir EDWARD's relations with a number of communities which may best be described as societies of British bagmen. Speaking seriously, we trust that the new Secretary will not forget that the art of Government can only be prudently practised by those who, if they have no experience of their own, make use of the experience of others. He is a man of great ability, but he is red-raw in administration. It is some security for his success that, as is plain from every novel he has written, he has always looked forward to office. He at least does not belong to that feeble folk who believe that literature can take the place of politics without ceasing to be literature, and who write as if they thought they could perform in the closet the parts which can only be played effectively on the theatre of political and administrative action.

## MR. DISRAELI'S LAST ROMANCE.

MR. DISRAELI'S Parliamentary explanations bear the same relation to his speech at Slough which exists between the depression of physical remorse on waking half-sober in the morning, and the riotous folly of the drunkard

overnight. The conflict of residuary bluster with awkward shame, the prostration which follows exuberant vivacity, the dull look, the heavy eye, and the gait which has become heavy without ceasing to be unsteady, render the object which had previously been both contemptible and offensive rather pitiable than troublesome. The insolent untruths of the Buckinghamshire market-table brought with them their own punishment in the necessity of tacitly withdrawing or explaining them away, in default of the honesty and courage which would have prompted an apologetic retraction. Long political experience has failed to teach Mr. DISRAELI the value of language, or the seriousness of public affairs; and in stringing one mischievous fiction on another, he perhaps forgot rather than disregarded the inherent difference between truth and falsehood. It is impossible to suppose that he believed in his assertions that, three months ago, war was an affair of hours, that the *Cagliari* engineers had been triumphantly reclaimed from the jurisdiction of Naples, that the Budget had relieved the nation from grave financial difficulties, that Mr. KINGLAKE, as the organ of a "Cabal," had endeavoured to precipitate a war between Sardinia and Naples, or that the leaders of the Opposition were leagued with foreign confederates for the overthrow of the Government. The crowning accusation against Lord CANNING, of favouring a policy of confiscation, vengeance, and massacre, has received a sufficient comment in the degrading attempt to disclaim the imputation at the expense of common sense and of simple grammar. Mr. DISRAELI is not ashamed to declare that the anticipated vengeance and massacre were to be the retaliatory consequences of the alleged confiscation, and not its criminal accompaniments. The present Government had, it seems, inaugurated a policy of mercy and justice, in opposition to a system of confiscation, of vengeance, and of massacre. The mercy and justice in the one case, and the confiscation in the other, were to be administered by the GOVERNOR-GENERAL to the natives of India; but it was the natives who were to revenge their wrongs by the massacre of the English population. In the same manner, it might be shown that a policy of peace, retrenchment, and reform implied the avoidance of war with France, and the consequent economy and political improvement which might by possibility result to that country.

The true explanation of the boastful misstatement would have consisted in the avowal that the speaker despised his hearers, that he was indifferent to questions of Indian policy, and that he regarded the proclamation, the despatch, and the war itself only as they bore on the position of his party and his own personal success. No art or cleverness can obviate frequent blunders, in the utter absence of sympathy with the conscience and feeling of the country. Even demagogues and sectarian leaders participate in the fanaticism which they employ for their own purposes, and consequently their influence is more secure and permanent than the predominance of the adventurer who treats politics as a game of skill. Lord SHAFTESBURY praying for Mr. DISRAELI is perhaps a more formidable combatant than Mr. DISRAELI laughing at Lord SHAFTESBURY. All associations of men, though they may tolerate intellectual defects and moral obliquities, require, as an indispensable condition of their allegiance, that their leader should be, to a certain extent, in earnest. The knight who swore by his honour that the bad pancakes were good, and the good mustard naught, was adjudged not to be forsworn, because he had never any honour to swear by; and Mr. DISRAELI, not sharing in the tacit assumptions on which all political discussion is founded, may partially avail himself of a similar apology. The statesman who delivers a political confession of faith to his constituents may be supposed to swear by his belief in the Constitution, in the importance of preserving the Empire, or in the distinctive principles of his party. But the orator of Slough evidently holds no belief of the kind; and, as the Shakspearian philosopher remarks when the ladies swear by their beards that he is a knave, "If you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn."

Lord CLARENDON has effectually disposed of the monstrous and culpable allegation that the country was, at the period of Lord DERBY's accession to power, within a few hours of war with France. After an attempt to defend the statement by a reference to a phrase used by the late PRIME MINISTER while in office, Mr. DISRAELI was not ashamed to shift his ground by pretending that the risk arose after the formation of the present Government. A better apo-

logy might have been found in a candid admission that both the inconsistent statements were equally untrue. It was less dangerous to invent an imaginary menace of rupture than it would have been to betray a perilous secret of State. TALLEYRAND is said to have recommended a careful abstinence from truth whenever it was necessary to give an answer off-hand, on the plausible ground that a lie which turned out to be inconvenient could always be retracted. The actual relations of war and peace between England and France are the property of the nation, while Mr. DISRAELI's figments are his own, to utter, to repeat, or to swallow. The culprit who was charged with revealing the Eleusinian mysteries might have claimed an acquittal on the ground that, by a fictitious disclosure, he had defrauded his hearers instead of betraying his sacred trust.

The denunciation of the imaginary Cabal was a fiction of a less definite character, inasmuch as it is impossible to contradict an unintelligible proposition except by the assertion that, if it has any meaning, it is untrue. A traveller who declares that he has seen a Chimera cannot be convicted of falsehood until it is ascertained what a Chimera is. It is certain that he has not encountered a monster with a lion's head and a serpent's tail, but if he thinks fit to call a she-goat by a new and mysterious name, he can only be charged with practising indirectly on the credulity of his audience. The Opposition has the form and attributes which belong to the well-known domestic institution of the name, and if the same definition applies to a Cabal, there is little advantage in a new-fangled appellation which suggests something unnatural and portentous. Mr. DISRAELI, indeed, declared that the exposure of the Cabal brought him to the key of the position; but as he afterwards explained that he alluded to no Parliamentary party, although he insinuated a charge against hostile Parliamentary leaders, the position appears to have been either impregnable or not worth taking.

The great financial triumph was characterized by Lord GRANVILLE, with more truth than dignity, as a resolution not to muddle away the money of the nation in paying its debts. Sir CORNEWALL LEWIS, if he had remained in office, would have asked the House of Commons to suspend for a single year the reduction of the Income-tax, in preference to converting a special and temporary liability into a permanent burden on the country. The superior ability of his successor is shown in dispensing with the receipt by the simple process of withholding the payment, and if the public credit is but slightly affected by so trifling an irregularity, the operation certainly furnishes the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER with no reasonable pretext for self-glorification. Loans are, in the first instance, always less unpopular than taxes; but the renewal of a bill at its maturity is not, either in public or private finance, the first step to an economical reform. The charge against the late Government of wanton extravagance in the national expenditure is one which Mr. DISRAELI ought to have felt himself precluded from urging by his substantial adoption of the estimates which had been already prepared. Mr. BRIGHT or Mr. GLADSTONE might have consistently objected to the outlay on establishments which they have repeatedly denounced as wasteful and superfluous; but neither Mr. DISRAELI nor his colleagues have hitherto ventured to propose any reduction in the army or navy. The claim of brilliant financial success, where there has been neither a penny saved nor a penny got, is worthy of the orator who boasts of a triumph in the Neapolitan negotiations within a week from the absolute refusal of the English demand for compensation.

If the speech at Slough excited and justified the indignation of those whom it calumniated, the effect which it produced on the supporters of the Government can only be described as a feeling of astonishment and dismay. Ten days before, Lord ELLENBOROUGH, after endangering the Cabinet by an inexcusable act of indiscretion, had barely saved it by lightening the vessel of his own weight; and now the second person in the Ministry wantonly reproduces the charge against Lord CANNING, in conjunction with five or six other misstatements which were even more imprudent and libellous. A party which knows its political fortunes to depend on Mr. DISRAELI's taste and discretion is as little to be envied as a trader who knows that his partner has an invincible propensity to the turf. Lord DERBY defended his colleague against Lord CLARENDON's reproof in the manner of an advocate who has received for a brief the simple instruction to do the best in his power for the prisoner. The House of Lords was asked, on an investigation into the case of the *Cagliari* engineers, to decide that one out of



six or seven definite allegations in Mr. DISRAELI's speech might, by a charitable construction, be partially reconciled with the truth. The critics of the speech were censured for imprudence in continuing the discussion which it had provoked, and three or four sentences which happened to contain nothing offensive or discreditable were adroitly quoted for the amusement of the House. The discussion had, in fact, arrived at its natural termination with the discreditable evasions of the delinquent in the Commons, followed by the tacit but unanimous censure inflicted in the House of Lords. It would have been improper, if not impossible, to found a Parliamentary motion on an after-dinner speech; but the apparent anomaly of a long discussion on so exceptional a subject sufficiently proves the gravity of the outrage which has been perpetrated on official propriety, on political morality, and on social decency.

#### THE CHURCH OF FRANCE AND THE IMPERIAL DYNASTY.

THE very imperative advice given in a recent circular by the French Minister of the Interior to the Directors of Religious and Charitable Foundations, deserves more notice than it has received in England. This recommendation to a number of institutions, which are almost entirely in the hands of the French clergy, to sell their landed property, and invest the proceeds in Government stock, is the EMPEROR's first demand for something more than lip-service from classes which have been clamorously pledging their loyalty to his house. If the exchange of investment should be effected, the fate of the charitable and religious funds in question—which include the property of all the convents and religious orders recognised in France—will be in great measure bound up with that of the Imperial dynasty. The spokesmen of the present master of France insist that the only alternative to his Government is a state of anarchy in which no public obligations will be respected; and it is at all events certain that the very gentlest displacement which could be looked for, if the French Empire were overthrown, must be one which would tell heavily on the credit of the country, and would therefore occasion a cruel loss to all *bond fide* stockholders. The institutions, therefore, which General ESPINASSE directs to trust their property to the French funds, would, if they followed his advice, acquire the strongest interest in maintaining the established Government, and would lose that comparative independence of changes in the policy and persons of their rulers which is the privilege of a landed proprietary. Although, however, the Ultramontane newspapers have from time to time expressed the firmest confidence in the stability of the reigning dynasty so long as it remains in alliance with the Church, this invitation to marry Church and State for better for worse has produced replies which show that the clerical Ultras are far from rich in political faith. The *Univers*—which, having been allowed to say so much on so many delicate topics, cannot well now be muzzled—appeals to the Liberal press for aid, in language startlingly significant. The whole heritage of the poor is at stake, it cries; and it proceeds to describe the imminence and character of the risk, with a vehemence which must cause very unpleasant sensations to the many gentlemen whose salaries would be much more seriously jeopardized than the 5 per cent. Rente by the collapse of the Bonapartist Empire.

Our habit of looking on the first Revolution as having effected a clean sweep of the French Church and of the French aristocracy, sometimes blinds us to the influence which both of them retain through their territorial possessions. The extent of land still in the ownership of the noblesse is much underrated in England; and the fact that the French Church has a considerable interest in the soil is hardly recognised at all. Yet, if we attend to the Church as a whole, we shall find that it is quite opulent enough to make the conversion of its property into Rente a stock-jobbing operation of first-rate magnitude. The secular clergy are not much interested in land except through the Seminaries in which they are trained; these, however, have in some cases respectable endowments. The religious orders are much more wealthy. Such of them as the French law legitimates—and it recognises all which have active duties of education or charity—are provided with territorial apanages large even according to an English standard. There are besides a great variety of primarily charitable foundations which the law has never ceased to regard with positive favour, and which have thus encountered few or no

obstacles to the accumulation of wealth. In these, of course, the part of the clergy is only secondary; but it has enlarged itself very greatly of late years, and may perhaps be destined to become an undivided superintendence. General ESPINASSE now orders all his Prefects to use their utmost influence with the managers of these institutions to induce them to sell their land, and to prevent them from adopting in future that form of investment; and he adds an intimation that the Government will withdraw its subscriptions from those which neglect its advice. This last threat is really formidable in a country where the State dispenses its bounty so widely as it does in France; nor is the influence which the Prefect is called upon to exert altogether of the hortatory character. Very many of the religious and charitable foundations in France are placed by the law in the situation of individuals under guardianship, and the consequence is that the assent of the Executive authority is required for their transfers, alterations, and acquisitions of property. The Prefects, if the Government perseveres, will probably succeed, in the long run, in forcing into the market much the greater part of the land now held in mortmain.

The cry of anger and distress which the French clergy have raised at this interference with their means of influence is highly significant; but, though it is curiously inconsistent with much which their organs have been permitted to say, it is not unnatural or unjustifiable. The measure of the MINISTER has neither reason nor policy in its favour. The plea of General ESPINASSE is that the interest of stock is greater than the produce of land, and that it is therefore wicked in religionists and philanthropists to forego the difference of income. But this military Minister has surely some colleague who can inform him that the interest on investments varies directly as their risk. The dividend of the French funds is higher than the produce of equivalent values in land, simply because the security is worse; and it is gross injustice to force the charitable foundations to accept a higher profit in consideration of a greater hazard. And the policy of the circular is even more questionable than its fairness. If it is intended to make the clergy and religious bodies more conspicuous than they are in their homage to the Empire, the answer is, that they are already as noisily loyal as they can be, and probably too much so for the popularity of their cause and the taste of the French people. On the other hand, if the object is the undoubtedly wiser and more honourable one of attaching the priesthood more closely to the commonwealth of which they are citizens, the means taken are, as Count CAVOUR has just pointed out to the Sardinian Chamber, calculated to work in the exactly opposite direction. In the present day, landed endowments are the only force which has the slightest effect in counteracting the almost resistless gravitation of the Roman Catholic clergy towards "the foot of the throne of PETER." We fear however, that it is idle to seek for the key of General ESPINASSE's measure among motives of high policy, however mistaken. After all, this is probably a *bulling* operation. One fixed characteristic of the now reigning House has been its uneasiness about the Stock-market. The elder NAPOLEON looked upon a speculator for the fall almost exactly as LOUIS XI. regarded a turbulent feudatory; and now the calculation of the existing Government has probably been the simple one, that if so large a *bond fide* investment as that of the religious and charitable foundations could be effected for a perpetuity, the Five per Cents. would be somewhat less sensitive whenever an unpleasant discussion takes place on the Budget.

#### PHILIP DRUNK AND PHILIP SOBER.

THE Teutonic mind is much the same now as it was in the days of TACITUS. "They generally," says that sardonic observer of national manners, speaking of our German forefathers, "consult at their banquets about treaties and alliances, and their relations to the neighbouring states and chieftains, and about peace and war, as though the hour of feasting were especially suitable to open the intelligence to grave and serious deliberation, as well as to warm it to lofty thoughts." But their habit is to review the conclusions of these public "councils on the next morning." TACITUS goes on to say that there is great wisdom in this double debate, in which morning sobriety reconsiders the warmer conclusions of the evening banquet. We have got to the second stage of Friends in Council. St. Stephen's succeeds to Slough—*delecta et nuda omnium mens postera die retractatur*.

In his famous Slough speech, Mr. DISRAELI, as TACITUS said of the same sort of thing eighteen centuries ago, *aperit secreta pectoris, licentia joci, dum fingere nesciunt*; but we have now come to the cold criticism of the morning, *dum errare non possunt*. If Mr. DISRAELI is disposed to avail himself of the historical parallel, it is his best apology. Everybody has to pay for his roystering. Headaches and soda water and queasiness are the price that is paid for nocturnal gaieties; and a reckoning with the House, severe and sober, must follow upon the wild excesses of the Buckinghamshire debauch.

Nor was the solemn lecture delivered from the Bench the less galling because the "worthy magistrate" himself had often heard the chimes at midnight. HENRY FIELDING, Esq., presided at Bow-street; and if the author of *Tom Jones* and *Jonathan Wild* was somewhat in the way of GRACCHUS reproving sedition, he had at least the merit of preaching on a subject on which he was at home. For the writer of the Durham Letter to complain of a Cabinet Minister's indiscretions, and for the author of the famous Mansion House speech to accuse his brother in the matter of the post-prandial contributions to history published at Slough, is not so much absurd as characteristic. Lord PALMERSTON and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, like the reformed blacksmith at Exeter Hall, are precisely the personages to dilate with unction on the sin of intemperance in speech.

Admitting that a certain amount of license is by common consent given to after-dinner speeches, and that something more than a liberal construction may be demanded by a politician in the first flush of an unexpected piece of good luck, we must still say that Mr. DISRAELI's exhibition deserves all the criticism which it has elicited. We may laugh at the spectacle of Lady Booby severely impressive on unchastity; but a more reckless offender against common decency never appeared, disorderly and dishevelled from a night-house, than did the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER after the Slough orgies. He has brought his employer as a witness to character; but the defence compromises the establishment at large much more than it excuses the foreman. If Philip sober deliberately adopts the hiccuping extravagances of Philip drunk, what was a social fault becomes a political crime. The contempt or scorn, not altogether without a tinge of sympathy, with which we might have condoned the Slough folly, is condensed into a graver feeling when we come to examine its Parliamentary defence.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER's first plea puts him out of court. In his answer to Lord PALMERSTON, he says that he is treated as *ME DE PENE* was treated by the French ensigns. The Cabinet Minister's defence, then, is that at Slough he was only talking *Figaro*; and certainly his assertions, as subsequently explained, read much like the *Comic History of England*. His object was to glorify his Administration. The DERBY Cabinet found universal distrust, and the Empire was on the very verge of destruction. *Astrea* and order returned with DISRAELI. It was necessary for the poetical completeness of the picture to represent every element in equal dissolution, and all our institutions alike tottering to their fall. At home and abroad the reign of terror must have begun. Our commercial credit must be shaken, and therefore Mr. DISRAELI was obliged to draw a grand but terrible sketch of failing finances and an impoverished exchequer. But domestic distresses would not be a proof of a falling empire without external assaults—distrust at home must be accompanied by war from without. But distant war is a remote difficulty—we must have *Bellona* at our very doors. Invasion was therefore, from the necessity of the case, not a matter of months or weeks, or even days, but of hours. Nor must the heart of the kingdom alone be thus sorely and rudely assailed—throughout the whole imperial frame must universal anarchy and chaos reign. In India, it was only the successful advent of Lord DERBY which saved an unhappy race from the policy of ALVA and CORTEZ. Confiscation was the word when Lord ELLENBOROUGH entered Cannon-row—and confiscation means vengeance—and vengeance is synonymous with cruelty—and in India cruelty is exactly equivalent with massacre—and massacre of course is universal massacre of every man, woman, and child. But it is not enough that her MAJESTY's Government has only succeeded in rescuing the empire from this combination and complication of every conceivable danger and difficulty, foreign and domestic, at home and abroad, civil and military, from traitor and invader. The country must owe another debt of gratitude to its saviours. They are impeded in

their merciful and regenerating work by a Cabal—a Cabal, it is believed, not without foreign inspirations and foreign assistance. An un-English conspiracy has been plotted against us—our Venice is assailed by Pierres and Jaffiers. There are treasons, conspiracies, plots, against the State. This is what England was three months ago. This is what you have been relieved from. That you can each of you eat your own bacon in your own kitchen, and that Zouaves are not mounting guard over our princesses imprisoned, or "reserved for a worse fate" in those dungeons in the castle up yonder—this, and nothing less than this, is what you owe to the Government in which I have the honour to be the second in command.

Admitting this sort of thing to be justifiable, we can quite understand that exaggeration and caricature must pervade every part of such a picture. Sobriety and truth, and a clear commonplace detail of facts, are out of place in Katterfelto's advertisements. One does not look for studied carefulness of language in an extravaganza or in a wondrous tale, whether of Alroy or of Slough. With this romantic and poetical object before him, it came to be unimportant to the novelist whether the crisis of fate between ourselves and France was just before or just after Lord DERBY's accession—or rather, the case required that the fact should be adjusted to the theory. Hence also the necessity of saying that throughout India, up to last April, the policy of exterminating the natives prevailed in high quarters, although all the evidence was the other way. As the case required a striking picture, hints must be magnified, and a whole gorgeous vision be constructed out of nothing. Nothing could be done without false lights, distorted proportions, exaggeration, misstatement, and fertile gifts of imagination and invention. It was rather hard that Mr. DISRAELI should be seriously called to account for shining in his own vocation. It would be as absurd to preach to a spirited horse for neighing and caracolling and flying out with his heels, as solemnly to prose, after Lord JOHN RUSSELL's fashion, on the immorality of the Slough oration. And there is something exquisitely absurd in the notion of Lord JOHN RUSSELL and the Member for Tiverton rebuking anybody, even Mr. DISRAELI, for attempting to extract political capital out of the ignorance and prejudice of a hustings or post-prandial audience.

Perhaps Mr. DISRAELI has not, as far as principle goes, done other than follow precedent. But the precedent is a scandalous one, and the defence is worse than the original error. That error, on a liberal construction, might be said to be one mainly of judgment; but this, under the circumstances of his Government, is cardinal. And though he has got out of his after-dinner indiscretion, much as his predecessors have done, by eating his own words as dessert, yet, by his inventive powers, he has compromised more than his own reputation for sobriety and truth. Others have gone before him in swagger, and bluster, and blarney; but they had a position which Lord DERBY has not. Lord PALMERSTON's Mansion House speech had, at least, the excuse of being delivered by a strong Minister. Lord CAMPBELL's most offensive claptrap at the same place was backed by the insanity of a whole people. But there is neither prejudice nor a panic fury in favour of the present Government. They cannot afford to outrage sense, propriety, and decency, by the wholesale slander, misrepresentation, and invective which we too readily pardon in a popular favourite. It is early days for a theatrical novice to take the airs of an old stager, and to insult the audience before its face; and it only makes matters worse to assure us that the old stage heroes always had this sort of license. They had it, and abused it, we own, nearly as much as Mr. DISRAELI has done. But then they were chartered libertines. Mr. DISRAELI is not. He is only of a Government of tolerance—one which has attained office by the superior *lâches* of its predecessors and the more egregious blunders of its opponents. This sort of Government ought not to allow itself to take liberties. Confidence, as Lord CHATHAM observed, is of slow growth. To be sure Mr. DISRAELI has atoned for his mistake in a sort of a way. He has explained it all away. He did not mean what he said. On the whole, he was not to be construed too literally—there was here and there a sweetmeat or a plum, but the trifle was only meant to be whipped cream, froth, and bubbles. When he said the late Government, what he meant was the present Government; and confiscation, though it was only heard of within the last month, was in fact what everybody was talking of for nine months; and then massacre and confiscation are



all the same—leastways where's the odds, or if there be any odds, who cares? And we must say that this is about the usual run of Parliamentary explanations of a night with one's constituents. Mr. DISRAELI, being a very good hand at talking, only talked a little more nonsense, and in rather a more striking way than usual; and in his subsequent explanations he was only a good deal below the regular Parliamentary level of humiliation and self-stultification. In the present position of his party, however, a mistake of this sort is little short of suicide. The only way to account for it is by the maxim of political fatalists—that somebody is born to upset every coach. A CLANRICARDE or a DISRAELI is, we suppose, normal to every Cabinet.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS SURPRISES.

IN the debate on the Walcheren Expedition, Mr. WINDHAM ridiculed the idea of treating the affair as a *coup de main*. "Talk of a *coup de main* in the Scheldt! you might as well talk of a *coup de main* in the Court of Chancery." Whatever may be the case with the Scheldt or the Court of Chancery in these modern days of steam navigation and law reform, it is sufficiently evident that the House of Commons is the place of all others where strokes of this description have the most chance of success. The method of operation is simple enough. Just start a marauding motion on the notice-paper, in the name of an "independent member;" keep the affair tolerably close; and if the debate should happen to come on in Ascot week, so much the better. Get the discussion on somewhere about dinner-time—if possible, let it be understood below the gangway that the carrying of the resolution will be particularly offensive to an "illustrious personage"—make a tolerably reasonable speech in favour of a very unreasonable proposal—hurry on the division—and in one case perhaps out of fifty you will succeed in beating everybody who knows anything about the subject. And, what is even more gratifying, you will have the opportunity of snubbing defenceless "personages" who are not in a position to answer or refute you.

The success of Captain VIVIAN on Tuesday night with his resolution on the subject of "Military Organization," is an admirable example of a Parliamentary razzia. Somewhere about six o'clock in the afternoon he got up to introduce a motion which he very justly characterized as "one of vast importance, involving the system on which the whole military organization of the country rests." Certainly a very tidy little subject to be disposed of on a hot summer's afternoon by the *modicum* of M.P.'s who have the patriotism and courage to devote themselves to the extinction or otherwise of the crotchets of independent members. The affair was opened in a very "neat and appropriate" speech, which had only one fault—viz., that it established no case whatever for the motion with which it concluded. The resolution was opposed by almost every member in the House who had any practical acquaintance with the matter in hand. General PEEL, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT, and Lord PALMERSTON were unanimous in their dissent—we believe that Captain VIVIAN found support alone in the military experience of Mr. HORSMAN. Nevertheless, after an hour or so of loose talk, the House of Commons, in a division including little more than 200 members, declared off-hand that they would revolutionize (in the expressive words of the mover) "the system on which the whole military organization of the country rests." A number of gentlemen, amounting to less than one-sixth of the whole representative body, express an abstract opinion that it is desirable that the principal prerogative of the Crown should be immediately transferred to the House of Commons, and that the discipline and patronage of the army should be at once brought into that pleasing condition known as a state of "direct Ministerial responsibility"—which, in more intelligible, if less dignified slang, means neither more nor less than the reduction of military affairs under the universal dominion of "Bunkum."

Indeed, "Bunkum" has become so jealous that, like the Turk, he will bear no brother near the throne. So the old stock phrases are reproduced in every possible shape. "Down with double government," "No duality," "Ministerial Responsibility for ever," "Hooray for our noble selves;" and the same game which has been played off upon the Indian Government is renewed on the subject of the English army. Indeed, the anti-duality superstition has grown to such a height that we doubt whether people will long be permitted to encourage a divided responsibility by

driving a pair of horses in their carriage. In the hot weather it is rather hard not to have the "shadow of a shade" between us and anything whatever. Lord PALMERSTON—who knows more, probably, than most men in the country about the working of our military administration—saw plainly enough all the absurdity of the "double government" cry, to which he is so obstinately blind in the matter of the India Bill. There is not an argument which he directed on Tuesday night against Captain VIVIAN which does not recoil with tenfold force against the darling scheme of the late Administration. We have before pointed out the analogy between the double government of the Horse Guards and that of Leadenhall-street. But Lord PALMERSTON is at once the eager destroyer of the least objectionable "duality," and the vehement defender of a system of "double government" in which it is not difficult to find many obvious blots. The explanation of this inconsistency is probably to be found in the fact that while the ex-Premier has a very competent acquaintance with the department which he upholds, he is even more ignorant than he appears—if, indeed, that be possible—of the system which he proposes to abolish.

We do not, however, intend at present to enter upon the large and somewhat difficult question of military organization. It would be a rash and probably untenable position to affirm that the existing constitution of the army departments is not susceptible of material and beneficial changes. But that to which we think it very desirable that public attention should be seriously directed is the enormous mischief of dealing with such a question by an abstract and indefinite motion, carried by a majority of two in a sharp division. Probably, of the gentlemen who composed the majority, not half-a-dozen ever gave the subject a moment's consideration. It was voted simply as a good "independent Liberal" dodge. Whether the mover of the resolution had taken the trouble to reflect how the principle which he affirmed was to be practically carried out, we cannot pretend to say. Certain it is that he did not vouchsafe to enlighten his supporters. The result is, that the House of Commons stands committed by the voices of 106 members to the very intelligible affirmation that "something should be done"—leaving, apparently, to nobody at all the task of saying what shall be done, or when, or how. Certainly, for the Legislature of a people which prides itself on its practical character, this is about as ridiculous a position as it is well possible to conceive. It is something like the famous old resolution that "the power of the Crown has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished"—the only obvious answer to which sententious expression of opinion seems to be, "Well, what then?" It may or may not be a desirable thing that the prerogative of the Crown over the Army should be abolished, and that the discipline of the troops should be administered by the metropolitan members; but at least we may be permitted to observe that this is a somewhat grave and violent resolution, and one which is entitled to a little more consideration than it received in the late debate. The truth is, that this system of calling attention to topics of great magnitude by general resolutions is becoming a very serious nuisance. In nine cases out of ten they fail, as they deserve; but in the tenth they produce very absurd and mischievous embarrassments. If a step of such moment as that which Captain VIVIAN proposes is fit to be taken, it should only be resolved on after the production of a definite plan, whose machinery and operation might be maturely considered before the abolition of the existing system was determined upon.

It was sufficiently obvious that, one way or the other, the House of Commons would have to get out of the absurd conclusion to which it has so inconsiderately committed itself. The process, however necessary, cannot be very agreeable to its sense of dignity and self-respect. The course which the leader of the House of Commons has taken is certainly sufficiently blunt and plain-spoken. He simply informs the representatives of the people, that her MAJESTY'S Government does not propose to pay the slightest attention to the resolution at which the House of Commons has arrived. One vote abstracted from the majority, and given to the minority, would have saved the House of Commons from this awkward snubbing. Of all the inexplicable and unjustifiable performances which it has pleased Lord JOHN RUSSELL within the last few years to exhibit, the silent vote which he gave on Tuesday night in favour of Captain VIVIAN's motion is about the most extraordinary. That a statesman of his experience, station, and weight should think it permissible

to record his vote in favour of a scheme for wrenching away at one tug the main prerogative of the Crown, and bestowing on the House of Commons a patronage of the most dangerous description—that he should do this against the unanimous opinion of all men of knowledge and experience, and yet not think it necessary to give his reasons—is one of the most singular extravagances of which even Lord JOHN RUSSELL has shown himself capable. He might at least have been expected to express his opinion that the state of the Horse Guards was “horrible and heart-rending.” What may have been the considerations which influenced him on this occasion it would be idle to speculate; for, indeed, of late years, the course which he may adopt on any question whatever has become a mystery which alike defies divination, calculation, or even conjecture.

#### TELEGRAPHS TO INDIA.

THE question of telegraphic communication with India has at length arrived at a stage when Government inertia will no longer be able to ignore a real necessity which the public has rather tardily learned to appreciate. We do not care to revert to the past, or to dwell any more on the official perversity which, for the last two or three years, has steadily opposed itself to this important enterprise. But, amid the wrangling of rival Companies, the indolence of one Minister and the caprice of another, there is some danger that the enterprise may yet be allowed to fall through, or, at any rate, that it may be undertaken on conditions not the most favourable to success. We will endeavour to explain the actual position of the matter at the present moment, so that, whatever course may be taken, our readers may be in possession of the facts from which to form their own judgment of the opportunities that are now within our reach. We need not embarrass our account by much reference to the old Euphrates Valley scheme. This project was to carry a line across Asia Minor and Mesopotamia, and thence from the head of the Persian Gulf, by submarine cables, to our Indian dominions. To this scheme, and to this alone, a Government guarantee was promised. The two main difficulties which were foreseen from the commencement were the determination of the Porte not to grant the requisite concession to any foreign Company, and the lawless character of the tribes through whose country the wire would have to be carried for the distance of about 1000 miles. How far the second objection could have been surmounted—whether the wire could ever have been erected, and, if erected, whether it would have been left undestroyed for a week—is a subject on which there has been much needlessly warm discussion, but which has become immaterial so far as this line is concerned, by the failure of the other essential condition—the consent of the Turkish Government. The Porte urged that, if the line were made, it could not protect it by any means at its own disposal, neither would it allow an English Company to take this quasi-military duty out of its hands. For these declared reasons—backed, no doubt, by the jealousy with which the Turks regard anything like territorial concessions to foreigners—the sanction of the Ottoman Government was absolutely refused, and the pet scheme of the Treasury thereupon collapsed.

But a second plan has grown out of the remains of the first. The Turks have no objection to telegraphs, though they do not desire to see a long line across their own most disaffected provinces in the hands of an English Company. So they have made a proposal which, in an engineering point of view, is a decided improvement on the first wild project. They offer to carry a line of their own to the head of the Persian Gulf; and they have laid out a route from Constantinople, which, as far as Bagdad, is said to pass through tolerably safe country. The doubly hazardous portion is thus limited to the district between Bagdad and Bussorah, which, though perhaps the worst tract of all, is not a quarter the length of the Euphrates line, almost the whole of which would have been exposed to the malice and cupidity of Arab plunderers. From Bussorah the course would lie, as before, along the bottom of the Persian Gulf.

The main considerations in favour of this scheme are that it offers the shortest line to India, and that the expense to be borne by England in the first instance would be diminished by the fact that the greater part of the work would be done by the Porte. This latter recommendation, however, is of small moment, because our Government must, in some shape or other, pay the Turks for the use of a line which will prob-

ably be of much more service to us than to them. Besides, the whole question of cost is too insignificant seriously to affect the choice of our line of telegraph. Against the scheme it is urged that the portion between Bagdad and Bussorah could neither be made nor protected without the services of an army such as the SULTAN is not likely to keep for the purpose. There has been so much diversity of opinion on this point that it is hard to say what the extent of the difficulty really is. Mr. ANDREW, the Chairman of the Company, quotes the authority of Captain LYNCH and Sir HENRY RAWLINSON for the opinion that the line is not impracticable; and Colonel CHESNEY, who was formerly less sanguine about it, says that he has grown more confident in reliance on the energy of OMER PACHA and the professed good will of a certain Sheikh of the Shammars tribe. On the other hand, Mr. BADGER, who has travelled four times over the greater part of the route, declares that black mail is levied on every boat that ascends the rivers, that the post is so insecure that the Tatar will not venture to take a parcel in his bag, and that the natives would be certain to steal the posts and wires out of cupidity, if not from spite or enmity to the Turks. Then, Mr. LAYARD—who, on this point at least, is an authority—declares that the line, if made, would be so constantly interrupted as to be useless, and that the co-operation of the valorous Sheikh of the Shammars would be unavailing, inasmuch as he has been driven out of his own pasture-grounds by a rival tribe, the Aneyza; and he adds, that to subsidize all the tribes would be impossible, and that those who were not subsidized would destroy the wires as a matter of course. Finally, Sir H. RAWLINSON comes forward himself, confirming Mr. LAYARD's dictum that the assistance of the Sheikh of the Shammars is all moonshine, and admitting that the only practicable way of getting from Bagdad to Bussorah will be by laying the line at the bottom of the Tigris. A shallow stream running over shifting sands is not exactly the bed which one would choose for a telegraphic cable. Still it might be a feasible arrangement, though there is nothing but Sir H. RAWLINSON's surmise in its favour. It is rather strange that, with the view he takes of the obstacles, Sir HENRY should nevertheless advocate the Persian Gulf line. He does not anticipate any substantial difficulties in the rival project, beyond those which ordinarily attend the laying of long submarine cables. His main ground of preference seems to be that, as a first experiment, we ought to try the shorter and less costly line. We are not quite satisfied that it would be less costly in the end; but even supposing it to be so, we cannot understand how Sir H. RAWLINSON can have overlooked the fact that the Red Sea Telegraph is not an enterprise to be kept in abeyance till the counter-project has been tested, but an undertaking open to us only for a limited time, by virtue of concessions which the Porte is pretty certain not to renew now that it has an opposition scheme of its own in the market. We must do the work long before the Persian Gulf Telegraph can be in existence, or else abandon it now and for ever. Is it safe, then, to stake everything on the feasibility of the Turkish line? What are men who have never seen an Arab to infer from all the contradictory opinions as to the possibility of naturalizing the telegraph among them? Our own notion is, that the difficulties are very serious, but not, perhaps, more so than many others which English determination has overcome. But they will have to be encountered not by Englishmen, but by Turks; and, remembering the history of the projected relief of Kars among other episodes, we cannot place much reliance on Mussulman energy. Even Sir H. RAWLINSON says that, if left to the Turks, “the chances are that the whole undertaking will break down;” and he looks to the “friendly pressure” of our Government as the only hope of success.

The most material drawback is, however, that the line, even if it were constructed, would not be in our own hands, for nothing could be less desirable than that the communications between England and India should be under the control of Turkish officials, or dependent on the efficiency of Turkish protection. Still, there is promise enough about the project, with all its difficulties and defects, to make it worthy of encouragement, if nothing better can be done. But we think something much better can be done. The proposed submarine line by the Red Sea would have this enormous advantage in its favour, that it would be under English control. We know that the late authorities, who showed so much eagerness to hand over the Corfu telegraph as a monopoly to Austria, attached but little importance to this condition; but we can scarcely think that two English Ministers



in succession would consent to entrust any part of our communications with India exclusively to a foreign Power, and least of all to the Porte, so long as any other alternative presented itself. This is the ground on which we give a most decided preference to the Red Sea line. But this is not its only recommendation. The difficulties would be much less than those of the other route. There are no Arabs at the bottom of the sea, and instead of having hundreds of miles open to attack, two or three coast stations would be the only vulnerable points. These would stand on ground which the Porte has consented to grant in the neighbourhood of Turkish garrisons, and would therefore be safe enough.

One other obstacle at first threatened to prove formidable. It was feared that the coral at the bottom of the Red Sea would abrade, and ultimately cut, the cable; but this doubt has been set at rest by the report of Captain PULLEN, who was sent out in the *Cyclops* for the purpose of making the necessary soundings. His general conclusion is that no place can be better adapted for laying a telegraph cable than the Red Sea—that there is a choice of routes, and that on either shore a soft bed may be got throughout. The fact is, that the coral exists only in longitudinal reefs, not far from the shore, and at comparatively small depths, while elsewhere a bed of mud would effectually protect the cable. The only difficulty suggested is in finding a passage to each station across the coral reef. Captain PULLEN has explored suitable tracks everywhere, except at Jeddah—the breaks in the reefs being tolerably frequent. At Jeddah, however, there is no break—a circumstance which would necessitate the removal of the landing place a few miles higher up the coast, unless Captain PULLEN's suggestion of a floating station were adopted. These, however, are at the most inconveniences. Obstacles, strictly speaking, there are none, and so well is this fact appreciated, that it is said that contractors are prepared to take the whole risk on themselves whenever it may please Ministers to sanction the line.

There is yet another difficulty, which is the most formidable one to which the project is exposed. Government, which has withheld its approval for two years or more, may delay a decision for a year or so longer, and the concession granted by the Porte is on the express condition that the work shall be commenced before the end of 1859. Under these circumstances, there is not much room to doubt what ought to be done. The only material facts are these:—Of the two projected lines, one will be easy of construction, will be held and worked exclusively by Englishmen, but must be adopted at once or abandoned altogether. The other will be shorter, and possibly cheaper, but it will be confessedly difficult, and perhaps impracticable, and a great portion of it will moreover be in the hands of Turks. If only one telegraph is to be made, surely it ought to be the English line. If it is merely a question which shall be made first, it seems obvious that the one which cannot be postponed should take precedence of that which may be made at one time as well as at another. But the true policy—which will soon perhaps appear as an absolute necessity—seems to be to make our communications doubly safe by constructing both lines, if possible, and thus securing ourselves against any temporary inconvenience from occasional accidents to the wires.

We have said little about the expense, because, even if both lines were laid, the annual subsidy required from Government in return for its use of the telegraph would not, we believe, exceed some 50,000*l.*, and would probably be still further reduced by the commercial success of the enterprise. It would be absurd to let this weigh against the risks which we daily incur for want of a telegraphic connexion with India. The new President of the Board of Control could not inaugurate his reign more happily than by sanctioning a work which, for some inscrutable reasons, his predecessors—despite the more prudent counsels of the Board of Directors—have uniformly neglected or opposed.

#### A FRENCH VIEW OF THE ENGLISH CLERGY.

WE reviewed last week a novel by Mr. George Eliot, called *Scenes from Clerical Life*. It has received the compliment of a very favourable notice by M. Forgues, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, whose article presents us with a good illustration of the strange rashness with which our neighbours are apt to build up theories about our customs and institutions. From a contemplation of our novel literature in general, and particularly from his study of the *Scenes from Clerical Life*—combined with a perusal of the trial of the Rev. Mr. Smith, at Gloucester, and a case of *Buchanan v. Chaito*, which appears to have been tried

in one of the London County Courts—M. Forgues is drawn to a conclusion “pas précisément très favorable à cette interprétation particulière du dogme chrétien par laquelle est autorisé le mariage du prêtre.” The conclusion is rather wide for the premises, and our confidence in its justice is a little shaken by the fact that M. Forgues' article is full of ludicrous mistakes both in matters of fact and in his translations from the English language. Thus we are told that a chapel-of-ease means *une chapelle banale*, which is much like translating *homme de peine* by “a gentleman in difficulties.” We also learn that Mr. Amos Barton had his “*Track Society*, qui va mettre en l'air toutes les bonnes femmes du pays enrégimentées pour dépister (*track*) les pauvres hères susceptibles de conversion.” It is certainly a new conception of the Tract Society to look upon it as an association of spiritual bloodhounds. Perhaps the most wonderful of all these mistakes, considering that it occurs in a dissertation on the religious condition of England, consists in finding an allusion to the great nation in the book of Acts. An Independent preacher, says Mr. Eliot, “considered that the congregation of the parish church ‘Gallico-like’ cared little for their spiritual food.” M. Forgues translates Gallico-like by *pareils à des Français*. For this perhaps he may be excused, as the French are not remarkable for their Biblical knowledge. A writer in the *Presse* once quoted one of the most familiar texts in the New Testament as a *parole douce et consolante de Chateaubriand*. In the same way facts are misstated with the most characteristic carelessness. To pass over several minor examples, what are we to say of such a passage as the following:—M. Forgues describes “cette école dite évangélique, dont Venn fut, il y a quelque trente ans, l'un des principaux promoteurs, école dont nous n'avons pas à exposer le dogme particulier, mais à constater seulement et le succès passager et le déclin. Comme tant d'autres tentatives du même ordre. . . elle a fait un certain bruit, soulevé beaucoup de polémiques, produit un peu de bien, et servi en définitive à la manifestation de quelques rares vertus, de quelques dévouemens exceptionnels.”

We shall not be accused of a blind admiration for the Evangelical party, but we do not hesitate to say that it would have been impossible to crowd more mistakes about it into an equal space than M. Forgues has condensed into this confident and patronizing passage. In the first place, Mr. Venn, whom M. Forgues represents as having founded the Evangelical party thirty years ago, has been dead considerably more than sixty. In the next place, the Evangelical party, far from having declined, is unquestionably one of the most powerful bodies in England at the present day. We all know how important its support was considered by the last Ministry. It has under its undisputed control several of the principal charitable societies of the day, one of which (the Church Missionary Society) raises by voluntary contributions upwards of 160,000*l.* a year. It exercises a kind and degree of influence over the ways of thinking, the social habits, and the general character of large classes of society, and especially over the most powerful class of all—the middle class—which no one who does not know England well can in any way appreciate; and this is the party which M. Forgues considers to have had a *succès passager*. But, beyond this, if there is any one feature which is unquestionably characteristic of the Evangelical party, it is that its efforts have been almost uniformly of the most solid and tangible kind. It has exercised a powerful moral influence on society; it has founded a vast number of charitable institutions; it has established missionary stations all over the world; but its special peculiarity (whether it is a subject of praise or of blame) has been to do all this in the most quiet, prosaic, business-like way. Its enemies say that it measures heaven and earth by the maxims of the Stock Exchange—its friends, that it alone has succeeded in making Christians out of men of business; but no one who knows anything at all about it would think of saying that its peculiar characteristic was to have produced a “manifestation de quelques rares vertus, de quelques dévouemens exceptionnels.”

We confess that a gentleman whose views of our national language and habits are so peculiar does not inspire us with much confidence in his power of appreciating the position which English novelists occupy with respect to religious opinion. The view which appears to M. Forgues most probable respecting the attitude of modern English satire with respect to the clergy and their creed, is that its amenity and respectfulness are to be attributed to a sort of contemptuous mercy. With many protestations that of course he cannot tell, and that he may be wrong, he owns that he inclines to the belief that the predominant sentiment of Mr. Thackeray and some other writers is that “de ce côté la guerre est finie, le butin enlevé, allons faire campagne en d'autres pays.” He thinks that gentlemen who write novels abstain from laughing at religious hypocrites because they think the joke would be stale; whilst lady novelists make free with the foibles of their spiritual guides on what he calls a principle *quelque peu prestigieux et trompeur*—that chastisement implies affection, and that if men had as much faith they would have as little charity. We doubt whether any remark could show a deeper ignorance of the tone of feeling prevalent in this country. It is abundantly notorious that the most extreme differences of opinion upon religious topics exist amongst us. Not to speak of every variety of creed which can possibly be included under the name of Christianity, atheism, pantheism, and deism have amongst us advocates of the most uncompromising kind; but it is altogether

absurd to suppose that the doctrines of any large body of Christians, or those of the Established Church in particular, have fallen into that sort of contempt amongst educated men that they are not worth laughing at. No one can mix in English society without seeing that it is by no means in a laughing mood on these subjects. Indeed it is hardly conceivable that any rational person should continue in such a state of mind for any length of time. The reason why the clergy are not ridiculed as a class by our more eminent male novelists is simply that, as a class, they are by no means ridiculous. No one can charge them with pretence or hypocrisy, which are the proper subjects of ridicule; their opinions, even by those who differ from them most widely, are invariably treated with seriousness and respect. How Mr. Thackeray will like to be told that he does not laugh at the clergy and at religious hypocrisy because he wishes "ne pas tomber dans de vulgaires redites," and because he thinks that "un antagonisme" of the kind "manquerait de nouveauté comme d'après," we cannot of course tell, but we imagine he would resent it as an altogether unauthorized insinuation. It is his distinguishing merit that he has never assumed a position to which he is not entitled, and that he has confined his satire to those parts of society on which he is qualified to pronounce an opinion. M. Forgues may assure himself that in this country no class of men look upon religion or upon the clergy as laughing-stocks. As to Mrs. Nicholls and her novels, on which M. Forgues relies to prove his case, it is perfectly clear that she satirized particular people and not an institution. The patron of the school at which she was brought up, and the curates who visited her father's house, were, as her admiring biographer has told us, the originals of the vivid portraits with which she amused the world so freely.

M. Forgues founds the conclusion that "cette interprétation particulière du dogme chrétien par laquelle est autorisé le mariage du prêtre" is wrong, on two considerations—first, that Mr. Eliot's novels, coupled with the cases of the Rev. Mr. Smith and *Buchanan v. Chatto*, prove that the English clergy are too poor to marry; and secondly, that they show that unmarried clergymen are more zealous than married ones. The question of clerical marriages is not, and never was considered to be, part of the *dogme chrétien*—it is notoriously a mere matter of ecclesiastical discipline; but apart from this, the whole criticism is a curious instance of the rashness and slightness of information with which Frenchmen write about England. Can there be more marvellous logic than is implied in the argument that no clergymen ought to be allowed to marry because some clergymen are not paid highly enough to enable them to marry with prudence or comfort? A curate who has to live like a gentleman on 80*l.* a year, with a wife and seven children, is much to be pitied, but his bed is of his own making. If a man chooses to marry on thirty shillings a week, he must take the consequences, whether he makes his money in one calling or another; but of all the learned professions, the Church is the only one in which a man can be certain of even that small remuneration from the very commencement of his career. If a man takes orders who has no private means, and no abilities—who, if he had mended shoes would never have risen to making them—what conceivable right has he to complain of being poor? And why should a man of an entirely different character, placed in entirely different circumstances, be prevented from marrying for fear that he, by an imprudent marriage, should make himself poorer? It is childish to represent the Church of England as a calling in which merit is starved. There are at least two sources by which clergymen of ability may, and frequently do, increase their incomes, not only without stepping out of the line of their profession, but with great advantage to the interests of society, and to their own knowledge of life and of mankind. These are education and literature; and the very case to which M. Forgues points so triumphantly might have taught him that English clergymen in general are not Amos Bartons. Mr. Smith—of Gloucester notoriety—supported himself entirely from the age of sixteen. At the time of his crime, when under thirty, he was earning an income of 400*l.* a year, though, when he took orders some four or five years before, he had no money and no interest. Whatever power sinister motives and personal interests may have, there can be no doubt that, *ceteris paribus*, a zealous and able clergyman has a better chance of promotion than an idle or stupid one, and the right of undertaking the responsibilities of married life most unquestionably gives a strong and legitimate stimulus to zeal and ability. No man can be above the common law of all the world. "It is good and comely for one to eat and to drink, and to enjoy the good of all his labour that he taketh under the sun all the days of his life which God giveth him. It is his portion." No man is less zealous in his business because he is paid for it; and this is quite as true of the clergy as of any one else. This view of the matter is far too coarse for M. Forgues. He thinks it deplorable that a clergyman should ever be exposed to such temptations to worldly anger and vengeance as overcame Mr. Smith's morality. Under the influence of such sentiments he forgot, says he, that he was a priest. It is very sad that any one should ever do wrong, but it is a far slier evil, in every point of view, that clergymen should occasionally forget that they are priests, than that they should habitually deny that they are men. The presence of some 20,000 neutral creatures, whose neutrality would be, after all, only conventional, would not much improve our morals. M. Forgues thinks he has a right to cite Mr. Smith's case as charac-

teristic of the English clergy, because, though its circumstances may be said to be exceptional, "nous répondons que celles-là même fixent l'attention, et que dans le train de la vie quotidienne mille incidens passent inaperçus qui ont le même sens et portent avec eux le même enseignement." We will not contest M. Forgues' principle, but we will ask him with reference to it, what he thinks of certain other trials which throw some light on the objections to an unmarried clergy? In 1852, some half-dozen Italian women swore, in the Court of Queen's Bench, that a person, then a Roman Catholic priest, used his position as such for the purpose of seducing them. The jury did not believe them; but they obviously expected to be believed; and many eminent persons of their own way of thinking certainly did believe, and actually brought forward their evidence. In 1848, at Toulouse, a monk named Létade was tried and convicted for an attempt to ravish, concealed by murder. The public prosecutors accused the convent to which he belonged of an organized conspiracy to defeat justice by perjury. We could specify two other trials, within the last ten years, in the South of France, in one of which a *curé* was convicted of murder, coupled with adultery; whilst, in the other, another *curé* was publicly accused of having conspired to procure the condemnation of an innocent man for a capital crime in order to conceal an intrigue between himself and his victim's sister. These are worse offences than those of Mr. Smith, and arose out of circumstances which must occur much more frequently than the voluntary confession by a wife of her own concealed frailty.

But, says M. Forgues, in the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, of the various clergy represented, "un seul répond à l'idéal de quasi-perfection que nous cherchons dans ces représentans de l'autorité divine—et celui-là n'est pas marié." Fortunately for mankind, "ideals of quasi-perfection" occur far more frequently in novels than in real life, but the celibacy of those who embody them proves nothing, for if such a man has to be introduced into a novel, he is usually single for the sake of the heroine. This is clearly the case in Mr. Eliot's story. One of those superhuman young clergymen, who live in a wretched lodging, work day and night and die of consumption, converts a beautiful woman whose husband dies just soon enough to enable the dying clergyman to kiss the lovely widow without impropriety. If the husband's life had been longer, and the clergyman's lungs sounder, Mr. Tryan and Mrs. Dempster would have been in a position which might or might not have responded to the ideal of quasi-perfection, but which would, we think, have been all the safer if there had been a Mrs. Tryan to engage Mr. Tryan's worldly affection.

We might, however, also answer, that some of the very highest models of goodness, from St. Peter downwards, have been married men, and that amongst English and American clergymen in particular some of the most arduous undertakings—undertakings involving not merely sincere religion, but constant self-sacrifice and exposure to imminent danger—have been undertaken by such persons. Any one who doubts whether married clergymen are capable of these things, should read the account of the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Judson in Burmah, or Dr. Livingstone's *Travels in Africa*. It hardly requires proof that, under all ordinary circumstances, married clergymen are preferable to unmarried ones. Whatever tends to give weight, maturity, and experience, surely fits a man for clerical functions, and marriage does more for these objects than any other human institution. Indeed, in a church which allows of any freedom of opinion and government, it is absolutely necessary that clerical marriages should be allowed. An enforced celibacy of the clergy would be an absurdity without a despotism to govern them. As it is, the superiority of an unmarried clergy may point morals and adorn tales, but it is very unfit for every-day purposes. On the most favourable interpretation of the matter, it would be a strange absurdity to prevent some 20,000 commonplace people from marrying, for the sake of preventing a few hundred "ideals of quasi-perfection" from entering a state of life which, as it is, they are quite at liberty to let alone if they do not like it.

We must conclude by expressing our regret at having to criticize unfavourably anything proceeding from the pen of so able a writer and so honest and independent a man as M. Forgues. There are higher excellences even than scrupulous accuracy, and M. Forgues has claims on the respect of men of honour and conscience, which a hasty and erroneous view of English society will do little to weaken.

#### THE LATE SIR WILLIAM PEELE.

WE may well prize the costly treasure of our Indian Empire. We have spent for it, without stint, our noblest and our best. Again and again we have bought it back from the spoiler at the heavy price of the greatest and choicest of our sons. It were well at this moment, in the vulgar din of domestic faction, for one instant to ponder on the noble spectacle of self-sacrificing valour and uncalculating patriotism which has won, and is winning, for us the great inheritance over which unscrupulous partisans and ambitious intriguers are squabbling for power and for place.

Among all the losses which this nation has suffered as the price of empire, none is to be more bitterly deplored, for none is more irreparable, than that of Sir William Peel. There was something in his youthful fire, his contagious courage, his chivalrous daring, tempered by a steadfast simple-minded sense of duty, which capti-



vated the imagination, and nourished the hopes of the country for whose cause he fought so well, and for whose fortunes he has fallen but too soon. "He should have died hereafter."

His leaf has fallen in the green.

We do not deem so unjustly or so ill of England as to add—

The world, which credits what is done,  
Is cold to all that might have been.

The life of Sir William Peel had already borne the first-fruits of that heroic greatness which an early grave has cut short. Wherever the honour of the English name was to be upheld, there, careless of danger, and not greedy of fame, this noble and unselfish man lavished the resources of a skill which he had spared no pains to acquire, and was profuse of a life in which he seemed to think that his country alone had any right. We have all heard how, in the fog of that November morning, he rode into the deadly struggle on the slope of Inkermann, and, as he brandished his cutlass, stood as one of the signal rallying-points in that mortal fight in which the fate of the English army hung trembling in the scale. Wherever England was to be fought for, by land or sea, Sir William Peel was ever "to the fore." He was no fire-eater who trusted to mere bull-dog pluck to carry him through the fray. In his own profession he had early acquired the reputation of a skilful and accomplished seaman. The feats which he achieved with his brigade of blue jackets on the plains of Oude—bringing into action field-pieces of a calibre hitherto unknown in warfare—have been worthily celebrated by a Commander whose stern sense of discipline and thorough mastery of war would have certainly led him to discourage mere irregular outbreaks of eccentric and unprofitable valour.

In the midst of much discouraging criticism, and many confident assertions of a decadence in our national character, we may take heart from the life, and even from the death, of such a man. England, while she can breed such sons, is yet "the mother of heroes." There was nothing which we had not the right to expect from the ripening of so glorious a spring. The youthful achievements of Peel bore a striking resemblance to the opening career of Nelson. There was in both the same audacity of genius, the same passion of patriotism, which ventured everything and accomplished everything for the land which they loved, by the force of an unerring skill and an inspired daring. The man who had shown himself not unworthy to rank with the great captain of St. Vincent might have lived, had it so pleased the Ruler of nations, to reap the laurels of another Trafalgar.

It wanted but little perception of human character to distinguish in Sir William Peel the true lineaments of the heroic nature. Simple, frank, modest, and unaffected in ordinary life, his countenance—which had something of romantic wildness in its cast—would light up with singular fire when he had occasion to speak of the profession which he loved so well. Beneath the gentle and quiet demeanour of one who occupied himself but little with the trifles which seem so great to smaller men, it was easy to detect the gleams of that chivalrous ardour which blazed into an unquenchable flame in the hour of peril and the day of battle. Like all brave men, Sir William Peel was eminently humane. The guilt of no unnecessary blood stained his noble soul. We have heard it related how he rebuked a friend who urged him, in the trenches before Sebastopol, to pitch a shell into a group of Russians who had collected within their own works. He answered—"No; I once saw the same thing done, and I was so shocked by the unnecessary havoc that, as far as I am concerned, it shall never happen again."

He has died too soon for England, not too soon for himself. No man dies too soon who has the fortune to die for his country. Sir William Peel has added the mural crown to the famous name on which the nation has already bestowed a civic wreath. What we have lost is but too easy to feel, though hard to express in words. There is gone for ever from amongst us a brave and capable man—the rarest and divinest gift which God can bestow on a favoured people. England may well sorrow over the loss of a son in whom the glories of an elder race seemed to live again, and who had shown himself so ready and so fit to do and to die in her behalf. We might have dreamed that, if the time of danger should ever arrive, we had amongst us, in Sir William Peel, a man who was worthy to hoist the flag of Nelson. That hope, indeed, has perished untimely, but we do not therefore despond. We have confidence in a race where the rear rank is always ready to press over the bodies of the slain into the foremost file of battle. There will not be wanting men worthy of the country and emulous of the example of Sir William Peel. If, indeed, envy be at all permitted, it might be of such a life and such an end:—

At least, not rotting like a weed,  
But having sown some generous seed  
Fruitful of further thought and deed.

In some good cause, not in mine own,  
To perish wept for, honoured, known,  
And like a warrior overthrown,

Whose eyes are dim with glorious tears,  
When, soiled with noble dust, he hears  
His country's war-song thrill his ears.

Then dying of a mortal stroke,  
What time the foeman's line is broke  
And all the war is rolled in smoke.

#### NOVELIST STATESMEN.

WE have now two Cabinet Ministers of the first class who have achieved high literary distinction by works of fiction. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and the Colonial Secretary are successful novelists. Another existing Cabinet Minister first won reputation by an agreeable volume of minor poetry; but a broad distinction exists between Lord John Manners and his literary colleagues. A novelist Cabinet Minister is what we are now especially concerned with. This is, at least, a new thing, and in its first aspect—that literature, as such, is no bar to official employment—not without its value and significance. Addison was also Secretary of State and a man of letters, but he was trained to official life. The careers of Mr. Disraeli and of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton have much in common. Both commenced life by making literature their profession—both started with political principles which they have since seen reason to discard—and both have produced works which, to say the least of them, have been remarkable as daring assaults on conventionalities, and, perhaps, on general convictions and received views, social, moral, and political. Their early lives and works, to speak of them in the most reticent terms, are singularly at issue with those decorous Conservative principles which they now represent. That the author of *Vivian Grey* and *Sybil* and *Coningsby*, that the author of *Pelham* and *Ernest Maltravers* and *Lucretia*, are anyhow Cabinet Ministers, and as Cabinet Ministers have two high departments of State—that the one as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the other as wielder of the destinies of the largest colonial empire the world ever saw, are what they are, and what they have been—is a phenomenon. If, as we believe, morality is essential to public men, we have a right and duty to examine the moral teaching of our rulers in Church and State.

That Mr. Disraeli and Sir E. Bulwer Lytton are two very remarkable men—that their works have had an immense, though by no means an equal or similar influence on contemporary society—may be fairly admitted; and yet that they have won their present elevation by political rather than literary services is undoubted. All that can be said of their works is that they got them an introduction to public life, or rather to public estimation. Rank in literature to a politician is analogous to high birth. Whenever a nobleman of ancient lineage, or a lawyer of great reputation, goes into Parliament, he has a chance in his favour. All that he says or does is noticed. Every antecedent qualification of this sort is in a man's favour if he makes a success; but a previous reputation is against him if he fails. Mr. Disraeli has had the singular fortune of achieving a Parliamentary reputation *sui generis*. He entered the House of Commons a man of a certain literary rank, and with the prestige—at all times a doubtful one—of hereditary talent. He was judged by a high standard, and broke down with a completeness of failure almost as unexampled as his subsequent recovery and prodigious elevation are entirely without a precedent or a parallel. Parliamentary annals scarcely preserve the memory of such a crash, and such a successful exertion of will and perseverance in retrieving it, as Mr. Disraeli's public career has presented. Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's life as a political man affords fewer similar points of contrast. There is a tradition that he commenced his Parliamentary life by sending to the newspapers—which printed it—a strong Radical speech, which the accidents of the debate prevented him from delivering; and he has been so far consistent with himself that he always prepares his orations with the care and elaboration of a sophist. But, with the single exception that both he and his distinguished colleague began by a strong profession of those ultra-Radical principles which it has been the work of their maturer years to discredit and destroy, the Parliamentary history of the two statesmen presents points rather of contrast than of parallel. Mr. Disraeli is as dexterous and ready as the author of the *Custons* is unknown as a debater. The baronet's most successful, and the Chancellor's most unfortunate attempts are set speeches on subjects of large and solid interest. The midnight oil of the one and the vitriol of the other are their respective characteristics.

What they have in common is the character of their novels. Here Sir E. Bulwer Lytton demands the closer investigation. We treat this remarkable fictionist as possessed of a double and separate consciousness. He presents a psychological problem. He illustrates no law of growth. His literary life is quite as exceptional as if one of the mammalia were all of a sudden to develop in feathers or scales. *Ernest Maltravers* and *My Novel* can no more be recognised as the legitimate result of a single organization than a lion sporting in the Arctic waters. We draw a line between the writer of the *Custons* and of *Pelham* as broad as between John Newton, Vicar of Olney, and John Newton on board the slave ship. Indeed the miracle of spiritual conversion as taught in certain theological schools can alone account for the change. Not that we suppose the Secretary of the Colonies is at all ashamed of *Pelham*. Of old, the possessors, and we suppose the authors, of "curious books," when they attained an improved state of mind, burnt them; but Sir E. Bulwer Lytton sells them to Mr. Routledge, not, we suppose, without a consideration, and pockets the fifty thousand pieces of silver of which the first converts made a substantial and costly holocaust of self-sacrifice and penitential abasement. How any man can go on writing *My Novel* and the like, and republishing *Ernest Maltravers*, betrays an idiosyncrasy which can only be accounted

for upon one theory—and that not a pleasant one for their author. To say that the whole system of morals upon which the Colonial Secretary's earlier and later works are composed, and which they so cleverly illustrate and enforce, is totally opposed, is to describe the fact only imperfectly. Had the earlier style been entirely disavowed, we should have understood it. St. Augustine and Lord Lytton, and scores upon scores of great names, have disavowed, and disowned, and repented of their youthful indiscretions. Great painters too, Murillo and Raphael, have their early and later manner. In assuming the one deliberately, they deliberately discard the other.

But there are other artists—and we remember that they are artists, and nothing but artists—who combine two opposite and inconsistent styles. Madame Alboni sings with two voices; and Giulio Romano would cultivate religious and sensual art just as he got a commission for either. The republication of *Pelham* contemporaneously with *The Castons* leads us to set down Sir E. Bulwer Lytton as an artist—a consummate and versatile one, but still an artist—a mere actor playing a part. He takes a brief from either side. High and pure morality, the sacredness of domestic life, the ever present sense of duty, the strong will to resist temptation—these noble lessons are carefully wrought out and (not without sermonizing dullness) taught in *My Novel* and *The Castons*. In *Ernest Maltravers* we have only a nauseous and enervated Byronism. In *Eugene Aram* we have the pernicious lesson that a man may be a model of very propriety, and may have his root and essence of all morality sound and intact, and yet may be inevitably and in spite of himself a murderer—in other words, that morality may be parcelled out into separate independencies, one of which may be at mortal feud with all the others, and yet without destroying the imperial sway of light and conscience. In *Pelham* we all remember the cool and heartless glorification of unprincipledness. Its moral, or immoral, is a regular system, in popular form, of the selfish philosophy. We can, indeed, account for the Colonial Secretary's literary career, but not upon grounds complimentary to him as a teacher of his generation. In one sense, his view of the didactic functions of police is uniform and homogeneous; but it is only on the supposition either that justice has no moral function, or that morality has no real existence. Both, of course, cannot be true; but art, according to this artist's treatment of it, may take either system. Providence or fate—social order or an insolent contempt of public ethics—selfishness or benevolence—either are equally good materials for the fictionist. He believes in neither, and therefore uses either indifferently. The one suits hot youth—the other better befits an accredited station in the state and society. *Pelham* marks the young litterateur—*The Castons* the aspiring and trustworthy and respectable statesman. If this is not the rationale of the literary history of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, he now owes it to the general sense of the country, and more directly to his own party which claims to be specially identified with the proprieties and orthodoxies, to disavow it. It is quite possible and very reasonable that any man should be ashamed of *Pelham*, if his maturer mind and his earnest conviction have grown into better things. We trust that it is so, but all reformation ought to be accompanied by restitution. If *My Novel* contains its author's solid and deliberate conviction, he has to account for the actual republication of his old follies and weaknesses. If he is the man to teach one lesson, his is the voice to condemn the other. Unless, like the old sophists, he is ready to produce specious apologies for opposite philosophies—that is to say, unless the chief merit of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is that he is as good an advocate for virtue as for vice, and that in either case he merely throws himself into a position, and says the best that can be said for his immediate client—unless he is content to use his art for this base purpose—he has something to account for.

With Mr. Disraeli, the case is different—at least, it is not so strong. To do this pleasant novelist justice, he never set up for an ethical teacher. His idea of fiction is a lower one—all that he has sought to do is to amuse rather than instruct the world. Personal satire and character-drawing—often with very poor results—is all that he has aimed at. Nobody remembers a single plot, and scarcely a character, in the whole range of his novels. He has not the deliberate aim nor the concentrated ethical grasp of his colleague. If his works do no good, they are scarcely ambitious or solid enough to do much harm. Mr. Bulwer's novels—we except, of course, the Baronet's recent twin stories—have told just as much on the general English mind in its circulating library development as the writings of Balzac and George Sand. They represent a distinct and consistent view of the end and purpose of fiction. They have exercised a large and important influence for good or evil. Lord Derby, himself an author—the author of *Conversations on the Parables*, published by the honoured, and respectable, and most orthodox Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—might be expected to associate literary men with him. But *Ernest Maltravers* and *Vision Grey* hardly dress and keep step with his *Conversations on the Parables*. The admirers of the one must be sorely puzzled, if not scandalized, with the others. Their conjunction in the Cabinet is curious, and may be ominous to the political horoscope of the whole Administration. The author of *Ernest Maltravers* is a more distinguished person than the Secretary for the Colonies. In the former character, he owes a more serious reparation and apology to the sense of propriety of which a Conservative

Government affects to be especially chary, than the mere fact that he has lately published two edifying and proper novels amounts to. In its way, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's appointment is rather a pendant to Lord Clanricarde's, and involves the same kind of reckoning with general feeling and society at large.

#### INTEROCEANIC CANALS.

EVER since we know not when, the projects of cutting through the Isthmuses of Suez and Darien have been the subjects of discussion throughout the civilized world. The Egyptian canal was even attempted in ancient times before Panama was heard of; and the importance of both undertakings has been fully recognised by every nation in Europe until within the last few years. Undertakings of such magnitude are only possible in two states of society—one where the monarch has an indefinite power of commanding the labour of his subjects, the other where commercial enterprise has developed a still more efficacious means of overcoming the obstacles which nature has put in its way. The last element of strength has only existed in adequate force for a moderate number of years; and it is a remarkable, and perhaps an unfortunate coincidence, that just when the world had acquired the power to carry out schemes on so stupendous a scale as these projected canals, political jealousies intervened to thwart the realization of the dreams which had filled the imagination of Europe for centuries.

Both the Suez and the Panama Canals are at this moment so encumbered by national and political prejudices, that it is difficult to obtain an opinion worth having on the feasibility of either scheme. The judgments of experts, like those of judges in great political appeals, are apt to be biased—unconsciously, no doubt, but not the less mischievously—by the political views of those who pronounce them; and the co-operation of nations in a great work for the benefit of humanity is constantly defeated by the petty scheming of this or that nation for its own aggrandizement. These paltry influences were never more potent than now.

The debate raised by Mr. Roebuck on the Suez Canal has not, to our minds, reflected much credit on the country or the House of Commons. We do not mean at all to say that English Ministers are bound quixotically to subordinate national to cosmopolitan considerations. We can imagine many projects which, if feasible, would tend to the convenience of mankind, and which a British Minister would nevertheless be bound to oppose with all the force he could muster. Count the multitudes who daily cross the Channel with reluctant hearts and uneasy stomachs. What a blessing it would be to all of them if a huge highway could be made between England and the Continent. And yet who would say that, if such a scheme were practicable, an English Government ought to lend its aid to deprive England of the insular position which has stood her in such good stead during the many years when Continental States were nothing but barracks, camping grounds, and fields of battle? We should, on the same principle, be ready to listen to, and possibly to accept, the decision which Lord Palmerston and many other statesmen have come to on the Suez project, if it really could be shown that the political interest of this country would be endangered by severing the isthmus of Suez. We do not wish to discuss this part of the question in detail, though we cannot help thinking that the apprehended dangers are more imaginary than real. But we do most heartily protest against the dishonest policy of exaggerating the engineering difficulties of an enterprise simply because we do not wish it to succeed. If our objections are political, we shall gain more credit abroad as well as at home by openly saying that we wish to thwart the enterprise, than by affecting to warn subscribers against a commercial bubble, and to lament the insurmountable obstacles which are presented to engineering skill.

It would perhaps be dangerous to indorse in all its breadth the dictum of Mr. Roebuck, that what is for the interest of mankind generally cannot be contrary to the interests of England, though as a general rule it is doubtless true; but it would not be more safe to assume that a project is visionary because Lord Palmerston, who deprecates its success, pronounces it to be an empty bubble. One thing is certain, that a ship passage through the Isthmus of Suez would be an immense convenience to the mercantile marine of all countries, and of none more than our own, and it needs strong reason to convince us that the House of Commons was right in affirming the principle that the power and influence of this country should be used to thwart the enterprise. Mr. Stephenson's dictum that the canal could not be made, or that if made it would be commercially a failure, would, if true, be more to the purpose than imaginary fears of a separation between Turkey and Egypt being brought about by a trench 100 yards wide. Their union, such as it is at this moment, is due entirely to the moral influence of Europe, and in no respect to geographical situation. While Europe remains of the same opinion, no canal will suffice to make the Viceroy of Egypt more independent than he is at present. But we do protest against any engineering opinions being made the ground, or the professed ground, of political action on the part of England. If the scheme is a bubble, it will burst without our help. But at the same time it must be remembered that Mr. Stephenson is in a minority—if not in a minority of one—among the eminent engineers who have investigated the subject. After all, his objection amounts to little more than this,



that the uniform level of the two seas would make the canal something like a stagnant ditch. But the traffic and the occasional wind-tides of the Red Sea would suffice to keep the waters from absolute stagnation, and the uniformity of level is, in fact, regarded by the French Engineers as one of the most favourable circumstances of the case. If it had fair play, we should not be inclined to despair of the undertaking, and Mr. Roebuck's motion meant nothing more than that fair play should be given to it.

The hindrances to the Panama Canal are of a very different kind. All nations are sincerely anxious to see it made. We want it to shorten our voyage to Australia. America requires it to assist her communications with California. Nicaragua and Costa Rica would rejoice in a work which would enrich their inhabitants, and elevate them in the scale of nations. Not only do all nations concur in promoting the project, but all, except one, are ready to act on the broadest policy and without a single thought of separate national interest. The United States alone are at variance with the rest of the world. They would gladly have a canal, but it must be a private way of their own, and not the free highway of the world. They look forward to the time when a public canal across a country which they mean to annex, if they can, in spite of treaties, may be a source of constant humiliation; and nothing is more certain than that the work will either be exclusively American, or else will be effected without co-operation, and probably in the face of direct opposition, from the countrymen of Walker.

The important concession which Nicaragua and Costa Rica have recently granted to a French company, and the still more important appeal which they have made to the great powers for protection against filibustering attacks, are the natural results of the attitude which American statesmen have assumed. While they were coolly declaring their intention to abrogate, by some means or other, the self-denying treaty which prohibited any settlement by them or by us in the region of the isthmus, they so far anticipated the result they aimed at as to use all the pressure they could bring to bear to force Nicaragua into a capitulation which would have created an American occupation of the line of transit, and an ultimate absorption of the territories of the Central American States. Whether Great Britain would have submitted to so gross a breach of treaty would probably have depended on the issue of party conflicts at home, and the ascendancy or discomfiture for the time being of the champion of a spirited foreign policy.

But Nicaragua has boldly, and we think wisely, taken the first step in resistance to the devouring greed of her neighbour. We say wisely, not because her prospects are remarkably hopeful now, but because inaction would inevitably have brought her under the dominion of the stars and stripes. She, in conjunction with her old enemy, Costa Rica, has boldly asserted her independence, and at the same time has enlisted the sympathy of France by conceding the construction of the great canal, with very ample privileges into the bargain, to subjects of the Emperor, who has always been anxious to connect himself with an enterprise which is not only great but showy, and therefore, *par excellence*, Napoleonic. Then, again, both the interests and the honour of England are concerned in maintaining the Clayton-Bulwer treaty inviolate, and perhaps Nicaragua may count on more genuine support from this side now that she has thrown down the gauntlet to the United States than she would have received while the annexation process was advancing in its usual insidious manner. Whatever else may be the issue of the Nicaraguan manifesto, it will probably spoil the game of the Americans, which was to absorb the country without bringing matters to an open rupture. If the filibustering policy is to be persevered in at all, it will be forced to assume a more openly hostile shape, and one which will render it almost impossible for France and England to stand aloof.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate that in appealing to the European Powers for protection against piratical incursions, Nicaragua went so far as openly to charge the Government of the United States with complicity in the filibustering expeditions. That the accusation is true, no one in his senses can doubt; but the truth may sometimes be a breach of politeness that is thought to justify strong marks of resentment. This plain speaking will give to the United States a pretext for a quarrel, which they will be only too glad to fasten on their weaker neighbours, if they can but do so on grounds sufficiently plausible to prevent the instant interference of the European Powers.

Whatever shape it may take, a deadly quarrel there is, and must be, between the United States and the Republics of Central America. It is the old enmity between the wolf and the lamb; and whether the pretext be a riot at a landing-place or a reproach in a proclamation, is quite immaterial, except so far as it may influence the diplomacy of France and England. We shall soon have seriously to consider the question whether we are prepared to allow the occupation of the Isthmus of Darien in direct violation of treaty engagements with ourselves, and with no more regard for the law of nations than is customary across the Atlantic. The concession of the canal to Frenchmen must precipitate a question which was already inevitable, and which may perhaps be more easily dealt with in the crisis which has been brought on than if it had been allowed to slip out of our grasp by imperceptible degrees. Engineering work can scarcely begin till political action has come to an end, and for some time the canals across Suez and Darien seem likely to remain under the shadow of a diplomatic cloud.

#### SHREWSBURY, WATERFORD, AND WEXFORD.

THE great and independent Legislature of France has lately been occupying itself with the exciting sport of worrying those eccentric but harmless individuals who take a pleasure in assuming to themselves titles conveying neither rank, precedence, estates, legislative powers, nor social respect; and the unfeeling world laughs at the plucked daws. In the meanwhile, the British House of Lords has spent two sessions in deciding whether an Earl who sits under a title dating from 1784 shall hereafter sit under one which dates from 1442, and the people of England have felt considerable interest in the "great case." We are glad that they have done so, and we are sanguine enough to think that the spirit in which the Shrewsbury Peerage investigation has been generally met is a sufficient answer to Mr. Bentinck's fears that the abolition of that paradise of attorneys, the Property Qualification, is about to plunge our country into the abyss of republican anarchy. No doubt the collateral considerations attaching to this case greatly enhanced the interest which it excited. Broad acres hung upon the decision, and the odium *theologicum* was not wanting to flavour the treat. We should not, indeed, be surprised to find a certain daily contemporary discovering that this signal rebuff to Antichrist had been clearly and precisely foretold in the prophetic books. But, these incidents apart, we believe that there really existed a general desire that the old historic name of Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, should not be blotted out of our Peerage, and a hope that it might be allied with the traditionary reputation of Chancellor Talbot. That illustrious title was felt to be one of the institutions of this country, at once so democratic and so aristocratic, and therefore so unintelligible to the foreigner; and neither in this instance nor in that of Norfolk has the heretofore identification of the dignity with a non-popular Church availed to weaken the feeling. It is obvious that one of the main causes of the respect with which the British Peerage is regarded—so different from that in which the fly-blown aristocracy of Spain, the flimsy noblesse of Italy, or the pretentious title-bearers of Germany are held—is the severity with which responsibilities have always been attached to dignities. A title always pre-supposes a seat in the House of Lords, either absolutely or, as in the case of the Scotch and Irish peerages, by representation, while the honorary distinctions of younger children vanish with the first generation. Granting, as we do with regret, that the scanty attendance of the Peers on their own business affords an unsatisfactory comment upon their exceptional condition, yet it must be allowed that the extent of the work which "His Lordship" has to do because he is "my Lord" is not to be measured by his mere presence in the Upper House. His being an hereditary legislator is taken by his neighbours to imply that he knows something about business; and this assumption compels him not to disappoint the expectations under which he finds himself the constant chairman and perpetual orator of some five score provincial meetings of every sort. If the Peerage has a weak side, it is probably to be found in that large list of Irish Peers which Mr. Pitt constructed, up to the day when the Union rendered the process impossible. But, under the circumstances of Ireland, the existence of title-bearers with only remote prospects of legislative activity is not mischievous, as it would become in England; and besides, the Irish Peerage is one which, in the course of nature, is constantly diminishing.

But the strength of the British aristocracy does not merely rest upon the distinctiveness of its political status. There are reasons of a social, not to say physical, nature to which we can attribute its exceptional vigour. In the heraldic vocabulary of England the word *mesalliance* has no place. The pompous noblesse of Germany, entrenched in its thirty-two quarterings, escaped the cataclysm of 1848 by no merit of its own, and the more degraded "blue blood" of Spain has kept itself up by a succession of caste—and often incestuous—alliances, till a grandee of Castile has become almost a synonym for a dwarf and a cretin. In Great Britain, on the other hand, the more truly aristocratic—no less than liberal, or even republican—system exists (with the one modern and unlucky exception of the Royal family), of treating a man's wife as really his wife, raised by the mere fact of her marriage to a perfect equality of station with her husband. No doubt old and proud families have often lamented with justice the inconsiderate alliances of their young hopefuls. No doubt the coronet sits awkwardly on the forehead of the dairymaid, and still more on that of the "flaunting extravagant queen," compared with whom the dairy-maid would be a treasure. But, on the whole, the system works admirably. It saves the British peerage politically from shrivelling into a caste with tastes and interests antagonistic to those of the people at large, while it physically sustains those stamina of mind and body which experience has shown to follow freedom of marriage and a wide area of choice. Accordingly, the common sense of society generally corrects the possible evils of our system, and in proportion to the generous liberty which the rules of English society permit to its maidens, so is the just reprehension with which the world visits the scheming adventurer who tries to take an underhand advantage of his opportunities. In the aspect, too, of social politics, this freedom doubles the contingent stake which the prosperous architect of his own fortune has in the House of Lords. He not only dreams of his son as the first bearer of a title gained by his own exertions, but he foresees in his pretty daughter the spouse of the possessor of some traditionary and famous peerage.

These considerations explain the general feeling of pleasure with which society has learned that the Earls of England and Ireland are again topped by Shrewsbury in one kingdom, and by Waterford and Wexford in the other. The foreign democrat will be scandalized at the spectacle of a nation acquiescing in the exaltation of its feudal oppressors, and the noble of "pure" descent will turn away from an investigation the essence of which relates to the obscure alliances contracted by that branch of the Talbots which now represents the parent stock; while both will equally hold up their hands in amazement at the apparent inconsistency of one House of the Legislature occupying itself with such an inquiry during the same session in which the other had rejected the Conspiracy Bill with national applause.

Into the complexities of the particular inquiry we do not care to enter. The public, we apprehend, will take only a moderate interest in the marriages of Grafton and Albrighton, Salwarp and Sherrington, and may not even be excited upon the questions of Bishop Talbot's character, and of the much canvassed tombstone. As a matter of investigation, indeed, the whole question were an undeniably dry aspect. It was a mere investigation of pedigrees and tombstones, far more restricted than the parallel inquiry which not long since established the Earl of Balcarras's claim to be Earl of Crawford—the premiership of that rank in Scotland not merged in a higher dignity. It was devoid of that legal interest which attached itself some years before to the discovery that an unusual and unsuspected grant to "heirs general" had, as it were, created an earldom of three hundred years' precedence in favour of a West-country branch of the famous house of Courtenay. Still less has it the romantic flavour of another investigation—a few years antecedent to the one establishing the Earldom of Devon—which grew out of the quarrel on some point of local etiquette between a powerful Irish earl and a worthy official of the Excise. This gentleman had done something to offend the magnate, who capped the matter by reflecting on his neighbour's lowly origin. To every one's surprise, the "civil servant," instead of apologizing to the lord, observed that if every man had his own, he would be higher than the Earl of —. One man did not laugh at this dictum, and he was the local lawyer. The result is matter of history, told in the "Asiatic" or Milesian style by the chief performer himself. This provincial lawyer, Mr. Nugent Bell, ferreted out and marshalled before Lord Eldon and the then Attorney-General a pedigree more clear and complete than ever had been known in a similar case before, and the exciseman made good his boast by taking his seat in the House of Lords by the title, many years dormant, of Earl of Huntingdon. For the private hopes and fears of the litigants, society outside of London and Staffordshire may not very materially care, but every unprejudiced lover of his country's historical glory will be glad that the heir has been found to

the great Alcides of the field,  
Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury.

#### MUSIC.

##### HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

MOZART'S ever charming opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was produced on Saturday evening at Her Majesty's Theatre, and repeated on Thursday with even more marked success. The performance of Madlle. Titiens, as the Countess Almaviva, was such as completely to satisfy the expectations which had been raised by her admirable impersonation of Donna Anna. The part is one in which the simple and unaffected rendering of the delicious melodies of Mozart is imperatively required of the singer who would realize his creation in all its beauty. *Tours de force* and ambitious displays are here out of place, and the attempt to paint the lily can only end in defacement. The air "Dove Sono" is that in which Mozart has concentrated the whole beauty of the character which he has conceived. No composer had ever imagined so touching an expression of sorrowful regret, tenderness and fidelity, as that which breathes from this wonderful air. It was delivered by Madlle. Titiens with the most exquisite feeling; the time being taken—correctly, we opine—rather slowly, and without the least attempt to sacrifice the music to the singer. So perfect was the effect that we cannot but regret that Madlle. Titiens should have responded to the unanimous call for repetition by singing only the latter half of the song, which cannot be thus unceremoniously disconnected from that which precedes without detriment. This practice, objectionable upon all occasions, is doubly so when applied to a *chef-d'œuvre* of Mozart. The duet which follows between the Countess and Susanna was sung with the greatest taste—Madlle. Titiens obviously abstaining from outdoing her companion, while Madlle. Piccolomini took unusual pains to show herself equal to the task. These two pieces were the great features of the evening; and there can be no doubt that Madlle. Titiens sustained, in her new character, the high reputation which she had previously gained. As for Madlle. Piccolomini's Susanna, it is *toujours Piccolomini*—the same nods, winks, and smiles to which we have been accustomed. For the rest, the character of the lively *soubrette* is one very suitable to her peculiar talent; but we should be glad if the music were attended to a little more carefully in some instances. Signor Belletti gives the music of Figaro with spirit, and in the style of a finished musician. The air "Non piu andrai" was encored, as a matter of course; and his

singing of the more difficult air, "Aprite un po quegl' occhi" was not less admirable.

The remaining characters were filled thus:—Cherubino, Madlle. Ortolani; Count Almaviva, Signor Beneventano; Basilio, Signor Belart; Don Bartolo, Signor Rossi; Marcellina, Madlle. Ghioni; Antonio, Signor Castelli. As a whole, the opera went decidedly well. However much we may desire to see every part in a work like Mozart's *Figaro* equally well filled, such a desire is seldom capable of being realized.

#### ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

AT the Royal Italian Opera, Signor Gardoni has appeared in the part of Alfredo in *La Traviata*. His very agreeable tenor seems to be in excellent order, and he sang the music of the first act, the most pleasing part of the opera, extremely well. Madlle. Bosio's Violetta is perhaps her most finished performance. Signor Graziani, as the elder Germont, displays that magnificent baritone which nature has given him, but does little more. The music assigned to him is woefully commonplace, and Signor Graziani seems to think action a superfluity on the operatic boards. The opera, we may add, is put on the stage with unusual splendour.

#### NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

AT the New Philharmonic Concert on Monday, Herr Rubinstein played a concerto of Mozart in D minor, and also a prelude and fugue of his own composition. As a pianist, Rubinstein is admitted to be the great phenomenon of the day. Performers of ordinary calibre stand aghast at the prodigious power which he seems to possess over his instrument. With fingers of iron, yet with a touch delicate as that of the steam-hammer when only a nut is to be cracked—at one time the instrument literally seems to roar under his manipulation, at another it speaks softly and *sotto voce*. His rendering of the Mozart concerto was masterly. Without strain or apparent effort, the single instrument assumed a prominence which almost put the combined orchestra into the shade. Rubinstein's playing unites force and delicacy in a degree really wonderful. We cannot speak in equally unmeasured terms of his original compositions, which seem to be of the character of that which is called the music of the future—not particularly clear and intelligible. In the prelude and fugue there was a want of tonality and of distinct outline. In the fugue, indeed, a few salient points could be marked; but, as a whole, the music seemed to begin nowhere and end nowhere. We understand that he is engaged in the composition of an opera. At the same concert, Mozart's beautiful ottetto for wind instruments, introduced, we believe, at the New Philharmonic Concerts last year, was excellently performed. It is satisfactory to see this species of music more cultivated and appreciated than formerly.

## REVIEWS.

#### FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE second volume of *Prince Eugène's Memoirs*\* amply fulfils the promise held out by the editor in the first. Nearly three-fourths of the volume are occupied with correspondence which is far more interesting, as we have already intimated, than the connecting matter intercalated by M. Du Casse. It was in confidential letters, such as those now before us, that the character of the First Napoleon came into strong relief. The trustful affection he felt for Eugène led him to write with an absence of all that restraint which might have marred the free utterance of his opinions in less familiar and more official intercourse. The period here embraced extends from the end of December 1805 to July 1806, and is distributed into three books. The first of these relates Eugène's marriage with the Princess Augusta of Bavaria, on which occasion the Emperor wrote some very curious letters to the young bride, of which M. Du Casse produces five of the most remarkable. Immediately after his marriage, Eugène went to Italy in the discharge of his vice-regal functions, having been previously adopted by Napoleon, who thenceforth styles him *mon fils*, instead of *mon cousin* as heretofore. All of Eugène's letters throughout this volume are dated from Italy. At the opening of book ii. M. Du Casse gives us a very able *aperçu* of the difficulties which Eugène had to encounter in the government of Italy, and shows with what talent and discretion those difficulties were overcome. Assuredly the contemptuous language used concerning the Viceroy by Marmont—"bon jeune homme, d'un esprit peu étendu . . . loin de posséder le talent nécessaire au rôle dont il était chargé"—was anything but deserved. And even if it were, Marmont was the last man who should so have expressed himself, for we find from these *Memoirs* (p. 119, &c.) that Eugène had screened him from condign punishment for some infamous speculation which had come to the Emperor's knowledge. It is marvellous, by the way, to see the rigid

\* *Mémoires et Correspondance Politique et Militaire du Prince Eugène*. Publiés et annotés et mis en ordre, par A. Du Casse. Tome ii. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.



surveillance which Napoleon found time to exercise over the administrative departments of his numerous *corps d'armée*, and the familiarity he betrays with their minutest details. We need scarcely say that it is in the portraiture of the Emperor's character that the interest of this publication mainly resides. The general result arrived at on this head is well put by the editor. "Nous voyons partout et toujours dans ce grand capitaine deux hommes : 1<sup>o</sup>, l'homme privé, bon, aimant, quelquefois même un peu faible, sentant vivement et exprimant plus vivement encore ses sensations, puis revenant vite, et facile au pardon. 2<sup>o</sup>, l'homme politique, aux projets grandioses, devant lesquels doivent céder toutes considérations d'un ordre secondaire." (p. 131.) As a specimen of the former, we may mention the singularly affectionate letter at p. 229 to Eugène—the only man, probably, in his service to whom he ever addressed the remonstrance, "vous travaillez trop;" and as regards the latter, we cannot refrain from quoting the following short reprimand about a certain officious General of Engineers:—"Mon fils, je n'ai jamais rien vu de plus mal fait que les mémoires que m'envoie le général du génie Poitevin: il se mêle de ce qui ne le regarde pas: il bâtit des plans de campagne qui n'ont point de sens, et ne donne point la description du pays ni des places fortes, la seule chose qui m'intéresse. Demandez-lui donc non des lignes de défense, des camps retranchés, &c., mais la topographie du pays proprement dite: qu'il fasse l'ingénieur et non le général en chef." We should like to have seen General Poitevin's face on the receipt of this biting rebuke. It was more by the *fortiter in re* than the *suaviter in modo* that Napoleon went on conquering and to conquer.

M. Renan has recently published a new and enlarged edition of a treatise on the *Origin of Language*.<sup>\*</sup> Speculation, however ingenious, and thoughts, however original, cannot avail to disguise the very slender basis of assured facts on which they are necessarily founded, when brought to bear on a subject so confessedly obscure. After taking a general review, in the preface, of the works of Grimm, Steintal, Heyse, Max Müller, and Bunsen, and of the criticisms to which the first edition of his own work had given rise, M. Renan proceeds to discuss, in the first section, the possibility of constructing what he calls the *embryogeny* of the human mind, and the use of language as a document of prehistoric times. He then gives a sketch of the different opinions which have been entertained on the origin of language. No one who is acquainted with the tendencies of M. Renan's works will need to be told that he reserves his special reprobation for those who look for light on this point in the teaching of Revelation. We have no doubt he considers that he is giving us something more worthy of all acceptance, and more intelligible, when he tells us that language is the "creation of all the human faculties acting spontaneously." Speech is natural to man. There never was a period of silence in the history of humanity—never anything tentative or artificial in the development of a system of languages—language being the result, "not of successive juxtapositions, but of the evolution of a germ containing the principle of all ulterior developments." These principles he professes to corroborate historically—there being no instance on record, as he contends, of a language "qui se soit complétée peu à peu." Among the characteristics of the primitive language, M. Renan singles out for special remark, first, the predominance of "sensation" and of concrete words, arising from the parallelism, in primitive times, between the physical and the intellectual worlds: next, onomatopœia, synthesis, or the tendency to cumulate in one word and one flexion of a word, significations which a more advanced analysis will resolve into a plurality of words and diversities of flexions; and lastly, an exuberance of forms, all of which are referable to one primitive root, as in the case of *λόγος*, *λόγιον*, *λόγιον*, *λόγιον*, *λόγιον*, from the one root *λόγ*. The remainder of the volume is taken up with speculations on the local habitation of the primitive language. If everything M. Renan postulates were granted, much of what he sets himself to prove might be true. But sweeping assertions and *petitions principiorum* are not ordinarily the paths by which access is gained to truth.

We have by our side a most useful manual of bibliography,<sup>†</sup> which may be had either in the form of a handsome royal octavo, or in three small 18mo volumes, forming part of the well-known *Encyclopédie-Roret*. The names of M. Ferdinand Denis and M. Pinçon, the two able conservateurs of that excellent public library, the *Bibliothèque Sainte-Généviève*, are in themselves a guarantee (to say nothing of M. Martonne) that the work is conscientiously executed. Suppose a man wishes to get up any particular subject, and to know the standard works which have been written in connexion with it from the earliest times, he has nothing to do but to turn to the proper heading, and he will find all the necessary information laid succinctly before him—reference being made at the same time to authorities where he will meet with fuller details than are compatible with the scope of this work. The subjects are arranged in alphabetical order:—"Cet ordre une fois adopté, il s'agissait de recueillir, dans la plupart des dictionnaires encyclopédiques connus, les

mots importants et vraiment significatifs qui par leur simple énoncé, réveillent spontanément l'idée d'une succession de traités publiés à diverses époques; cet ensemble une fois réuni, il s'agissait d'extraire des biographies les noms d'hommes qui suscitent dans notre mémoire l'idée d'un chef-d'œuvre et qui rappellent chez tous les peuples ceux que l'on regarde comme les législateurs de l'esprit humain." The idea, so far as we know, is a new one, and the execution is proportionately good. Great omissions might, no doubt, be pointed out in any one given subject, especially as regards the indication of English books. But these are inevitable in an undertaking of such wide scope, and ought not to make us parsimonious of commendations when the work is viewed as a whole. For our own part, we can only say that on any subject on which we have had occasion to refer to it we have found it extremely useful. In the Appendices, we have what seems to be a tolerably complete catalogue of famous "collections typographiques" such as Elzevirs and Aldines, from the earliest times, as well as a list of the most noteworthy private libraries.

The two Becquerels, of "electric" notoriety, have just published a careful *résumé* of the history of discoveries in electricity and magnetism in all their applications to arts and sciences.<sup>\*</sup> We confess the opening sentence somewhat staggered us:—"Le pouvoir attractif de l'ambre ou succin (*ἤλεκτρον*) était connu des anciens; Thalès, qui vivait six cents ans avant l'ère chrétienne en parle déjà dans ses ouvrages." We expected to find in the note a reference to a volume of Thalès. If the *autor* had not got a little *ultra crepidam*, he ought to have known that Aristotle leads us to infer that Thalès left no works behind him. A page or two, however, soon relieves us of this very flimsy sketch of the "Connoissances des anciens;" and with the name of Gilbert we find our authors entering on an elaborate history of that brilliant series of discoveries which have so greatly enlarged the boundaries of science from the seventeenth century to our own day. It will not be expected that we should give the headings of the twelve chapters into which the work is divided. We ought, however, to state that each of these is succeeded by a very full *Litteratur* of all the facts therein recorded, so that the reader is enabled at once to turn to the book or journal in which any particular discovery is set forth in detail. We presume that this work will ere long be translated into English.

M. Charles Waddington, whose work on *Ramus* has been reviewed in these columns, has now given us a collection of *Essais de Logique*,<sup>†</sup> consisting of lectures delivered at sundry times at the Sorbonne during the years 1848-1856. We think we may venture to affirm that those who are interested in logical or psychological studies—for M. Waddington endeavours to combine the two—will not go empty away from the perusal of this book. The high encomiums which such a man as Cousin has passed on the author for his acute and vigorous handling of philosophical subjects, are a sufficient voucher that the work is not undeserving of attention. The first and second *Essays* treat of the use and objects of logic, and on its relation to psychology. The third is on the discovery of the syllogism, including a parallel between the *sylogistic* and the *divisive* methods. With regard to the latter of these methods, as exhibited in the *Sophista* and *Politicus* of Plato, the author has either not known or not thought worthy of notice the curious theory put forth last year by Dr. Whewell impugning the genuineness of those dialogues. Does the Master of Trinity covet the appellation given to Hardouin, of *hominum paradoxotatos*? The fourth *Essay* is a critique on the New Analytic of the late Sir William Hamilton, while the fifth and sixth are respectively devoted to the "deductive" and "inductive methods." The seventh *Essay* is entitled *De la Méthode en Psychologie*. Two lectures on the Method of Pantheism and on the Foundation of Property serve to fill up the volume.

Scholars will be interested in learning that a publication has been commenced by M. Desjardins,<sup>‡</sup> consisting of a series of *Comptes Rendus* of the sittings or transactions of the *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres*. The present volume comprises the year 1857, and we trust the editor may be encouraged to continue it for succeeding years. Amid the immense variety of subjects embraced in the memoirs, of which able analyses are here furnished us, almost every man is sure to find something to his taste. By way of preface, M. Desjardins gives an account of the history and composition of the Academy, with a complete list of its members from the earliest times.

A valuable historical monograph is before us from the pen of M. Dansin,<sup>§</sup> in the shape of a history of the Government of France during the reign of Charles VII. The reflexion which forced itself most strongly on the writer during the progress of his researches was the extraordinary activity displayed during that brief period, when the whole social and administrative

\* *De l'Origine du Langage*. Par Ernest Renan, Membre de l'Institut. Deuxième édition, revue et considérablement augmentée. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

† *Nouveau Manuel de Bibliographie Universelle*. Par MM. Ferdinand Denis, Conservateur à la Bibl. Sainte-Généviève; P. Pinçon, Bibliothécaire à la même Bibl., et De Martonne, Ancien Magistrat. Paris: Roret. London: Jeffs. 1858.

\* *Résumé de l'Histoire de l'Electricité et du Magnétisme*. Par MM. Becquerel, de l'Académie des Sciences, et Edmond Becquerel, Professeur au Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers. Paris: Didot. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

† *Essais de Logique*. Par Charles Waddington. Paris: Hachette et Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

‡ *Académie des Inscriptions et Belles Lettres: Comptes Rendus des Séances de l'Année 1857*. Par M. Ernest Desjardins. Paris: Durand. London: Williams and Norgate. 1858.

§ *Histoire du Gouvernement de la France pendant le Règne de Charles VII.* Par H. Dansin, Docteur en Littérature, Professeur d'Histoire à Strasbourg. Paris: Durand. 1858.

system underwent a complete remodelling. Not a department was there which reform did not touch. The military, judicial, and financial arrangements were placed on a new footing. The relations between the Crown and the Church were reorganized. The nobles were compelled to yield a tardy recognition of their dependence on a higher power. The encouragement given to arts, agriculture, and commerce, and the improvements made in the administration of the law throughout the country, gave fresh stimulus to the time-honoured affection of the third estate for the Crown. And yet all these reforms, the details of which are enumerated at considerable length by the author, were carried out amid the expiring struggles of a disastrous war, which had dragged its slow length through a whole century of wearisome calamities and sufferings which might well have deadened the intellectual energies, and dried up the material resources of the country. M. Dansin is of opinion that much of the halo which environs the memory of Louis XI. belongs by right to the reign of Charles VII. The book is written with great spirit, and appears to be based on careful and extensive researches.

*Eccè iterum Crispinus!* M. Charles Didier presents himself to us with a third volume of travels,\* entitled *500 Lieues sur le Nil*. His temper does not seem to have lost any of its acerbity since last we parted from him at the expiration of his *Cinquante jours au Désert*. We can scarcely wonder at this, for it appears that he has lost the use of his eyes. Our own countryman, who was made to cut such a ridiculous figure in the two former volumes, comes in for a still larger share of abuse in the one before us. The reason for this increased bitterness on the part of M. Didier makes its appearance at the end of the volume. "L'Anglais," as he is throughout contumeliously styled, endeavoured to swindle him to the tune of fifty guineas. We can only say we should like to hear the Englishman's version of the matter. The evidence produced by M. Didier seems anything but conclusive. Among the towns and districts visited by the author should be mentioned Khartoum, Upper Nubia, Berber, Robatât, Atmour-Belâ-Ma, Lower Nubia, the Island of Philæ, Assouan, Thebes, and the famous grottoes of Beni-Hassan. Though we could wish for his own comfort that M. Didier could shake off at times his choleric moods, it is only fair to add that they heighten not a little the zest of a book which in other respects is by no means wanting in elements of interest. M. Didier is a scholar and an accomplished writer. His perception of the beauties of scenery is very acute, and his power of conveying his impressions is far from small. Would it be unfair to conjecture that the violent tirade at p. 120 furnishes a clue to the sourness of his temperament?

To the interesting volume on *Asie Mineure et Syrie*, which we noticed a short time back, the Princess Belgiojoso has now added a second, entitled *Scenes from Turkish Life*.† They consist of three tales, the first of which, *Emina*, is a most touching narrative. There is no preface or other explicit statement to tell us the precise share of fiction and of fact which enters into its composition. But about this we are not much concerned. The incidents may not all be real, but there is an air of truthfulness about the story, as a whole, which convinces us that the authoress has not allowed her imagination to misrepresent the habits of life and thought prevalent in Turkey. As in her former work, the access which her sex afforded her to the interior of harems affords her a great advantage over male travellers.

#### LIVES OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.‡

THIS third volume of the new series of ancient English historians is certainly by far the most valuable of the three. In such matters we are always thankful for anything we can get; otherwise one might be tempted to ask how one was profited by a Prior of Lynn's narrative of the early ages of the world, or why so many documents should have been reprinted which had already appeared in Kemble. But the present volume contains one of the most really valuable contributions to early English history which have ever been given to the world—one which it is truly a marvel that it has slept in manuscript so long. This indeed occupies only a small portion of the volume. The rest comprises very inferior matter, but still even that is not altogether without value.

The present volume contains three lives of Edward the Confessor. The first, and by far the longest, is a French work of the thirteenth century, dedicated to Queen Eleanor of Provence; the second is a short life in Latin hexameters, dedicated to Henry VI.; the third is a real contemporary work of the highest importance, partly in Latin prose, dedicated to Eadgyth, the widow of the Confessor himself. None of them has ever before been printed, and all three are anonymous. It will be seen that the three works differ very widely in their respective value. No. III. and No. II. stand respectively at the zenith and at the nadir of history. Of No. III. it is not too much to say that it at once takes its place beside Florence and the Saxon Chronicle. No. II. simply proves that decent hexameters might be written in the fifteenth century.

\* Charles Didier. *500 Lieues sur le Nil*. Paris: Hachette, Bibl. des Chemins de Fer. London: Jeffs.

† *Scenes de la Vie Turque*. Par Madame la Princesse de Belgiojoso. Paris: Michel Lévy. London: Jeffs. 1858.

‡ *Lives of Edward the Confessor*. Edited by Henry Richards Luard, M.A. London: Longman and Co.

Historically it is of course utterly worthless. Nor is No. I. much better. There is, of course, an indirect importance in knowing what people in the thirteenth century imagined to be the history of the eleventh. It is certainly curious to see what sort of historical rubbish was acceptable at the court of Henry III. Now and then it throws some light on the feelings of the time when it was written, though not of those of the age of which it treats. And, as a specimen of the old French language, it has of course a philological value. But it can tell us nothing of the real history of the eventful times with which it deals. It is mere perverted history and dull hagiography, repeated for the most part at third hand. The Latin prose of Æthelred of Rievaulx, himself a mere copyist, is dished up again in French verse, garnished with a few fables gathered in other soils. For real history—for the witness of a man speaking of what he himself saw and heard—we must turn to the precious record which stands last in the collection.

This last life is indeed a boon which may rejoice the heart of every true lover of English history. It is a high office which has fallen to the lot of Mr. Luard. It has been reserved for him to bring forth the true Sangreal after which many earlier inquirers had sought in vain. Of all writers of English history, John Stowe, the tailor, seems to have been the only one who ever had the privilege of seeing, handling, and transcribing the single manuscript which exists of this invaluable document. Stowe has given a few extracts which have made his readers' mouths water. Dr. Lingard, Mr. Thorpe, M. Emile de Bonnechose, all refer to them at second or third hand. Mr. Freeman, in his Essay on Godwine in the *Archæological Journal*, sighs after the book itself as something altogether beyond his reach. And now here it is, actually printed in black and white before our eyes. Here are King Eadward and Queen Eadgyth, Godwine and Harold, and Tostig, described by one who had seen and spoken to them all. The book, as Mr. Luard shows, was written between 1066 and 1074—the manuscript now in the British Museum is described as a carelessly written transcript of the next century.

It is evident at a glance that, except the Saxon Chronicle, there is absolutely no existing writing to compare to this for ascertaining the genuine history of the reign of Eadward. The writer was a contemporary, enjoying the advantage of some sort of personal relation or other—most probably that of a domestic chaplain—with the great actors in the history of the times. On this the question immediately occurs—Was his will to speak the truth equal to his power? Might not a position which gave him good opportunities of knowing, also afford temptations for perverting or concealing the real facts of the case? This question involves another rather curious one, namely, the character of his patroness, Queen Eadgyth. The writer before us draws a most glowing picture, which we shall have again to refer to, of the characters both of Godwine and of Harold—one which may well astonish any one who knows them only as described by Norman calumniators. Now, M. de Bonnechose objects to the authority of our author—knowing him, as we have seen, only through Stowe's fragments—on the ground that a writer who dedicated his work to Eadgyth could not fail to speak honourably of her father and brother. But it should be remembered that the Norman writers claim Eadgyth as a partisan of their own, and represent her, the holy widow of the holy Eadward, as supporting the cause of William against Harold. That she was exempted from the fate of her family, that she was honourably treated by William, and lived in peace under his government, is certain; and it is far from unlikely that the Norman priests who surrounded her besotted husband may have infected her with some of their superstitions. But whether she were a partisan of William or no, it is certain from Florence that she was a partisan of her brother Tostig, and that his enemy, Gospatric, was murdered in the King's court by her means. Now, our biographer tries, but evidently only tries, to patch up a reputation for Tostig. The cruelties of his administration in Northumberland, which stand out plain enough in Florence and the Chronicle, are glossed over as mere severity to an unmanageable people. Putting these things together, we may fairly conclude that the apology for Tostig is due to the fact that the book was prepared for Eadgyth, while there is no proof that a writer addressing her would have the same temptation unduly to extol Godwine or Harold. Again, the book was written after the Conquest, but it does not contain the remotest allusion to that event, or to the existence of such a person as William. Even the election and reign of Harold are not directly mentioned—the noble character given of him belongs to his administration as Earl. Surely we here have the patriotic Englishman addressing a princess who was at least under Norman protection, speaking out as long as he dared, but holding his peace when he came to times of which he feared to speak as he would. Some ingenious apology might be found by a West Saxon writer for Tostig's oppression of Northumberland; none could be found by an English writer for William's oppression of England.

We hold, then, that there is no good ground for impugning this writer's testimony to the character of Godwine and Harold, in which, indeed, he does but bring an independent confirmation to that of Florence and the Chronicle. In his view, Godwine is the model of every princely virtue, and Harold is his worthy successor. The tale of Ælfred's murder evidently belongs to a time before his own memory, but he clearly regards it as a



malicious invention of the Norman Archbishop Robert. Godwine, in his banishment, is a persecuted man, almost a martyr—an innocent victim of malicious calumnies—he is a male Susanna, a political Joseph. His moderation towards the King—holy Eadward, be it remembered, Eadgyth's husband—is paralleled to David's demeanour towards Saul. Yet, amid all this, he does not disguise the one spot in the glorious tale of Godwine's return, the one spot on the career of Harold—the devastation of Somersetshire by Harold and Leofwine. Eadward, of course, he makes out as respectable as he can, but he admits that he was beguiled into error by Frenchmen. He gives him a miracle or two, and censures Stigand for not believing in a vision of the royal saint. This vision is no other than the famous one of the "arbor viridis," which assumes so much importance in later times when it had been explained by the event. It is, however, clear, from comparing the texts, that Æthelred of Rievaulx, or those whom he copied, did not take it from our author; so we have two independent versions of it. It follows then that, whatever it may have meant, it was not inserted to flatter the Plantagenets or to reconcile the English to their rule. We cannot find in our author any distinct reference to the vowed virginity of the royal pair, on which their later admirers are so eloquent. Modern manners might hint that it was not a topic to be enlarged on to Queen Eadgyth herself, but such would certainly not have been the feeling of the eleventh century. It may be that a reference to it lurks in the words put into Eadward's mouth on his death-bed—"Obsecuta est enim mihi devote et lateri meo semper propius assitit in loco carissimæ filiæ;" yet we cannot but think that a clerical writer of that age would have trumpeted forth such a piece of saintly perfection far more loudly. Is it merely, after all, a hagiographical myth, arising out of the not miraculous fact that Eadgyth was childless?

Of mere facts before unknown, this author does not communicate many. He tells us that Harold made a pilgrimage to Rome, through France, not without a political motive to see what was going on in the latter country. This would seem to have been before 1061, as it is placed before Tostig's journey in that year. Of Harold's more famous visit to Normandy, he tells us, like Florence and the Chronicle, not a word. He makes Gyth Earl of the East Angles—seemingly appointed after the outlawry of Ælfgar in 1055.

The writer of the French life of course heaps up all the usual calumnies against Godwine and his family. They were the objects equally of ecclesiastical and of Norman dislike. But he is not a strong partisan of the Conqueror. In his day, Englishman and Norman were fast drawing together, and the Plantagenet Sovereigns did not disdain to be reminded of their descent—round about as it was—from the ancient rulers of the land. According to him, after the Confessor's death, England was without a lawful King till Henry I., the husband of Matilda. Here is his explanation of the *arbor viridis* :—

Kar es tens trois rois dura  
La bastardie, puis retourna  
A sun franc e cep certain  
Au tens Henri le primerein;  
Ke après lu roi Aedward  
Furent troi vivant bastard;  
Harard, ne Willame, dreit  
N'urent, ki veirs dire deit  
Ne Willame le secund,  
Par real decence, dunt  
Esloigné fu par arpens trois.  
Mais Henri, ki fu quarts des rois  
Après Aedward, ben reverdi,  
Au premier cep ki reverdi;  
Quant par sa volenté demeine  
Mahaud espusa, ki pleine  
De ducur fu e de bunté,  
De franchise e de beuté,  
Fille la née roi Aedward;  
A la racine out dunc regard,  
E a sa veas racine acert,  
Fluri, fruit fist en apert,  
Quant l'emperice Mahaud nasqui,  
E fruit, quant li terz Henri,  
E'a repleni de sa favor  
Cestui, e regnes entour  
E luur e grant charté [clarté] dunc  
Partut, cum solail e lune.  
Ore sunt roi, ore sunt barun,  
E regne, d'un sanc comun  
D'Engleterre e Normendie.

Here is the same writer's character of Harold :—

Co di par le rei Harard  
A ki ne cheut cum li munde asid:  
Ki met tute sa entente  
Terres seoir e faire rente  
Cunter et aver les summes  
D'eschactous a gentils hummes;  
Gardes destruit, e poveros reint,  
Ne cheut n'aucun ses pleint;  
Par une simple parole  
Les met en chartre e en geiole;  
A droit u tort chastous acist,  
Gentils fomes enbastardist.  
Par aver vout mariage,  
Gentils hummes desparage,  
As muns short e as bons mult,  
Saint iglise reinte destruit,  
Les cuntes e barones,  
Eveschées e abbeies,

E autres eschaetes tutes  
Tant tent ke soient destrutes;  
Cunsell ne dit de prudumme,  
Ne prise vaillant une pumme;  
N'averot mester ke Deu sufriest,  
Ke teu tirant regne tenist.

Contrast the language of Harold's English contemporary :—

Reconciliatis ergo duco [Godwino] et ejus filius cum rege, et omni patria in pacis tranquillitate conulescente, secundo post hec anno obijt idem dux felix memoria, exequisque suis in luctum decidit populus, hunc patrem; hunc nutrium suum regniq, memorabant suspiris et assiduis flotibus. . . . Subrogatur autem regio favore in ejus ducatu filius ejus major natu et sapientiâ Haroldus, unde in consolationem respirat universa Anglorum exercitia. Virtute enim corporis et animi in populo præstabat sicut alter Judas Machabæus, amicusque gentis sue et patriæ vices celebrat patriæ intentus, et ejusdem gressibus incedit, patientia scilicet et misericordia, et affabilitate cum benevolentibus. Porro inquietatis, furibus, sive prædenibus, leonino terrore et vultu minabatur gladiator justus.

The French poem is accompanied by a translation. This translation, it seems to us, should have been on opposite pages to the original, instead of following it separately. And, crotchets as the notion may seem, it certainly strikes us that a translation into modern French, not one into English, was what was really wanted. Translations of this sort, such as the English version appended to the Saxon Chronicle, serve a purpose of their own—they are not substitutes for, but guides to, the original. Many a student may prefer to read the authorities themselves, who is not a perfect master of Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French. But by the help of a modern French or modern English translation he is really able to read the original for himself. The text alone he might fail to make out, but with the translation he can see which word answers to which. But, for this process, the translation must be in a language derived from that of the text. An English translation of an old French book is not a guide, but a substitute—at any rate, there is a much stronger temptation to use it as such. And we take for granted that no one who does not understand modern French well will be likely to study the present biography. Its value is almost wholly philological, as a specimen of the old French tongue. As a contribution to English history, it was not worth editing or translating in full. A few passages, such as one of those which we have quoted, throwing light not on the history of the eleventh, but on the feelings of the thirteenth, are all that are of the slightest historical value.

We think Mr. Luard would have done better had he, when speaking in his own person, given the real names of the persons concerned. *Tostig*, for instance, has two or three Latin forms. The English biographer prefers *Tostinus*; but that is surely no reason why, in English, he should be called *Tostin*. And why talk, in English, of *Aldredus*, *Robertus*, and *Walterius*? It is a worse fault in Mr. Luard not to preserve the technical phrases of the diplomacy of the age. *Francorum Rex* should not be rendered King of France, nor *Danorum Rex*, King of Denmark, still less should *Romanorum Imperator* be converted into *Emperor of Germany*. Against this last blunder, or one akin to it, Herbert de Bosham long ago lifted up his voice :—

*Herbertus*. Item forte similes vel aliæ aliquæ matæ consuetudines sunt, sed non scriptæ, in regno Regis Alemannorum.

*Rex*. (Henricus II.) Quare in nomine dignitatis derogas ei, non vocans cum Imperatorem Alemannorum?

*Herbertus*. Rex Alemannorum est; sed ubi scribit, scribit Imperator Romanorum semper Augustus.

*Rex*. Proh pudor, magna siquidem in dignatis. Quid hic filius sacerdotis segnum meum perterbat, et pacem meam inquietat.—*Vita S. Thomæ*, Auctore W. Filii Steph. ap. Giles, l. 265.

#### GUIZOT'S MEMOIRS.\*

M. GUIZOT thinks it better to publish his recollections while he is still alive than to wait, like many of his predecessors, until he is sheltered by the tomb. Nothing can be more delicate or becoming than the tone in which he records the political transactions of his time; but it is disappointing to find that so competent an observer and so accurate a narrator has so little that is new to tell. The egotism of authorship never interferes with the dispassionate record of Ministerial and Parliamentary revolutions, and consequently the autobiographer conveys but a dim impression of his own personality, although it may be discovered, through his occasional revelations, that from precocious youth to vigorous maturity he combined the genial energy of a patriot with the austere calm of a passionless philosopher. Even in the most colourless and adust memoirs hitherto composed by any statesman, Sir Robert Peel involuntarily betrayed the combination of sensitiveness with resolution which formed so remarkable an element in his character; but M. Guizot, in his dignified humility, has virtually represented himself as incapable of error or of weakness. If, in describing the contemporaries of his earlier life, he is not less accurate and candid, while his narrative is not hampered by the same reserve, yet the sympathy and interest of the reader are somewhat checked by the incessant presence of a severe and relentless impartiality. The historian is almost ostentatiously free from prejudice, unless a wholesome intolerance of folly may be thought to have given him a bias against the imbecile memory of Polignac. It is creditable to the leader and representative of the *Doctrinaires* that he exhibits no undue enthusiasm even in favour of the party

\* *Mémoires to Illustrate the History of my own Time*. By F. Guizot.

which devoted itself to the maintenance of a moral and political equilibrium. The Centre, which resolutely kept itself aloof from the opposite errors of Royalism and of Democracy, was, according to the admission of its most eminent member, comparatively incapable of governing.

It is by a moral necessity, rather than of set purpose, that M. Guizot, in common with all the great contemporary French writers, carries on an indirect opposition to the miserable despotism which degrades and oppresses his country; but the habitual reserve of his style deepens the irony of his protest, as compared with the incessant allusions and contrasts of Tocqueville, of Villemain, or of Montalembert. His consciousness of the antagonistic relation in which history stands to the Imperial system is most plainly indicated in the reminiscence of a quotation from Chateaubriand which he repeated in 1807 to Madame de Stael. "It is in vain that Nero triumphs; Tacitus has been born in the empire; he grows up unnoticed near the ashes of Germanicus, and already uncompromising Providence has handed over to an obscure child the glory of the master of the world." "The *Mercury*," adds M. Guizot, "was suppressed precisely on account of this identical paragraph. Thus, the Emperor Napoleon, conqueror of France, and absolute master of Europe, believed that he could not suffer it to be written that his future historian might perhaps be born under his reign, and held himself compelled to take the honour of Nero under his shield. It was a heavy penalty attached to greatness, to have such apprehensions to exhibit, and such clients to protect." The spurious greatness which consists only in material success must be still more vulnerable to the satire of history; but for the present it finds an answer or apology in the fact that it exists, standing on the ruins of the statelier fabric which its opponents endeavoured to raise and to sustain. It is always felt as an impeachment of Cato's wisdom, if not of his nobleness, that the prevailing cause which he disapproved was nevertheless favoured by the gods. M. Guizot has no difficulty in showing that thirty years of constitutional liberty were eminently favourable to the moral and intellectual greatness, and to the material prosperity of France; but the satellites of the Empire reply that the result proves the incompatibility of freedom with the national character. The Restoration and the Orleans Monarchy were successful experiments while they lasted; but from intrinsic defects, or from external accidents, they both came to an untimely end, and the fact remains that in all French history liberty has only endured through the lifetime of a single generation. In the later portion of his *Memoirs*, M. Guizot will be called upon to vindicate his own prominent share in the administration of the Constitutional system; but he is fully aware that the cause of freedom was gravely endangered by the expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons. He records, perhaps with involuntary exaggeration, his disapproval of the accumulated blunders which prepared the way for the Revolution of July, and for his own accession to power; and his narrative seems to prove that the legitimate dynasty might have been permanently maintained, but for an incredible series of faults and of follies; but the apology of the Charter will never be complete until it has been re-established in fact as well as vindicated by historical argument.

More than fifty years ago, M. Guizot had acquired a social reputation which induced some of his friends to recommend him for an appointment in the Foreign Department. As a specimen of his abilities, he was directed to draw up a Memoir on the exchange of French and English prisoners, and it cannot be doubted that he gave plausible reasons for placing the kidnapped victims of Verdun on the same footing with the prisoners of war at Portsmouth and Dartmoor; but the Emperor, as he has since believed, wished neither to release his captive subjects nor to dismiss the hostages whom he had seized. The nomination of the writer was consequently stopped, but he was soon afterwards appointed, by M. de Fontanes, titular Professor of Modern History in the University of Paris. Immediately after the first abdication of Napoleon, he became Secretary-General of the Ministry of the Interior under the Abbé de Montesquieu, and during the Hundred Days he made himself conspicuous by the acceptance of a mission which long afterwards furnished his enemies with an inexhaustible fund of popular calumny. Louis XVIII, in his exile, still retained the Duke of Blacas as his nominal Minister, and the Constitutional Royalists, correctly judging that a second Restoration was inevitable, despatched M. Guizot to Ghent for the purpose of persuading the King to dismiss his unpopular favourite, and to rely on the counsels and influence of Talleyrand. The journey was made remarkable by the connivance of the Imperial police at an enterprise which they might naturally have been expected to prohibit or impede. "Their speech, their silence, and their looks implied a kind of understood permission and tacit connivance. More than one official face appeared to say to the unknown traveller, 'Pass on quickly,' as if they dreaded making a mistake or damaging a useful work by interfering with its supposed design." The pretence that relations with the banished King were acts of treason to the nation belonged to a time when the posthumous Bonapartist superstition had confused the accuracy even of recent history. The young envoy obtained an interview with Louis XVIII, repeated to him the Royalist squibs and songs which were popularly circulated at Paris, and conveyed to him assurances of devotion from Count Molé and from the Arch-Chancellor Cambacérès—both at the time members of Napoleon's

Administration. In the main object of his mission he could scarcely expect immediate satisfaction, and the subsequent dismissal of M. de Blacas was probably occasioned by the pressure placed on the King by the Duke of Wellington. "He dismissed me," says M. Guizot, "with some commonplace words of kindness, leaving on me the impression of a liberal and sensible mind, outwardly imposing, shrewd with individuals, careful of appearances, thinking little, and not profoundly informed, and almost as incapable of the errors which destroy, as of the great strokes which establish, the future of royal dynasties." It may be doubted, however, whether restored Royalty could have had a fitter representative than the old man "whose aspect and attitude, as he sat immovable, and as if nailed to his arm-chair, displayed a haughty serenity, and in the midst of his feebleness a tranquil confidence in the power of his name and rights," which surprised and touched the same competent observer.

After the second Restoration, M. Guizot became Secretary-General to the Ministry of Justice, under M. Pasquier, and then under his friend M. de Marbois; but on the transfer of the seals to M. Dabray, in the latter part of 1815, he retired to the neutral position of Master of Requests in the Council of State. In this capacity, while still too young to hold a seat in the Chamber of Deputies, he assisted M. Lainé, then Minister of the Interior, in drawing up the Electoral Law of 1817; and he still, in the presence of universal suffrage and of the consequent suspension of liberty, defends a system which, as he truly asserts, conferred on France thirty years of free and regular government. Experience seems to prove that freedom, if it is to be durable, must be committed to the guardianship of a privileged minority, strong and upright enough to act as trustees; but in France, before 1848, the electoral body was too limited in number to exercise substantial power, or to command popular confidence. The movement of the 24th of February has substituted one elector and a clique of obscure satellites for two or three hundred thousand members of the upper and middle classes represented by the orators, the statesmen, and the local celebrities of France; yet the advocates of universal suffrage may urge that, if it is not the most enlightened or beneficial arrangement, it has for the moment proved itself the strongest. M. Guizot, on the other hand, boasts that the law of 1817, in an age of ephemeral and futile experiments, is the only political enactment which has enjoyed a long and powerful life. The Council of State took a considerable part in the preparation of the various measures which were afterwards brought before the Chambers by the Duke of Richelieu and his colleagues; and it may be presumed that M. Guizot profited, both as a speaker and as a man of business, by his early experience of an Assembly which seems to have been something between a Privy Council and a third House of Parliament. As early as 1818, he had attained sufficient importance to be named by the Prime Minister among his leading *Doutrinaire* opponents, in a burst of momentary irritation; and in 1820 he was dismissed by his former friend, De Serre, from his post in the Council of State. In the ten years which followed, M. Guizot laid, with indefatigable industry, the foundation of his future greatness. Rigorous abstinence, in his *Lectures on History*, from allusions to contemporary politics, added weight and interest to his vigorous opposition as a pamphleteer, a journalist, and a member of the Society of *Aide-toi et le Ciel t'aidera*. In looking back to the controversies of his youth, he finds nothing to retract, although he naturally feels that he made too little allowance for the difficulties of a recent and unstable Government; but it is difficult to believe that his energy ever degenerated into rashness. The Martignac Ministry restored his titular rank as Councillor of State, and in the beginning of the revolutionary year 1830, he entered the Chamber as Deputy for Lianx and Port l'Évêque. The latter portion of the *Memoirs* will tell more severely the calmness and candour of the writer. The Minister of Louis Philippe will have to criticise or defend his own policy, instead of expressing a disinterested judgment on the merits of Decazes or Villèle. Students of history will receive with respect and interest the communications of a great orator, long practised in the management of public affairs; but the present volume affords a sufficient proof that popular curiosity will wait in vain for any happy indiscretion or temporary oblivion of dignity. The mistakes, the prejudices, and the weaknesses to which even M. Guizot may have been liable, remain to be recorded by some humbler biographer.

The early part of the Restoration is perhaps the most interesting portion of the modern history of France; for the country has never, before or since, been subjected so exclusively to the action of genuine and independent political parties. For four or five years, the Opposition consisted of the ultra-Royalists, while the cool, intelligent, and sceptical King valued his prerogative too highly to place it at the disposal of zealots who would have governed him in the name of legitimacy. The advantage to Constitutional Government which arose from this balance of parties and conflict of motives was, for a time, equivalent to the security which English freedom derived from the establishment of a new dynasty in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. As the Hanoverian kings were forced to rely on the supremacy of Parliament, the emigrants and legitimists of 1815 made use of their majority in the Chamber to overrule the personal policy of the Crown. Chateaubriand and Villèle opposed Decazes in the name of the monarchy, by the active use of a free press, and by the skilful management of Parliamentary parties; and



the Count of Artois himself used the institutions which he detested to thwart the intentions of his more prudent brother. It fortunately happened that Louis XVIII. piqued himself, both as a King and as a man of intellect, on the authorship of the Charter, and he found in Decazes a personal favourite whose interests and convictions were directly opposed to the success of the reactionary party. The Bonapartists and Republicans were for the time unpopular and powerless, while the Royalists displayed a spirit of violence which illustrated by contrast the moderation and clemency of the Government. During the whole of that reign the country was exempt from the dictation of the rabble and from the political interference of the army; and the efforts of the Opposition were directed to the subversion of successive Ministries, and not, as in the time of Louis Philippe, to the subversion of the dynasty. If Louis XVIII. had survived his brother, France might perhaps have escaped the series of convulsions which has settled down for the time into a vulgar military despotism. The experiment of Constitutional Government was repeated after 1830 under far more unfavourable conditions. A series of inexcusable follies scarcely sufficed to precipitate Charles X. from his hereditary throne; but a moment of personal weakness was fatal to a successor whose title rested on the unintelligible ground of the public interest and on the bold decision of an unauthorized handful of Deputies. The absence of ostensible right on the part of a Sovereign almost inevitably leads to the substitution of force or cunning for unquestioned strength. The least objectionable element in the Imperial system consists in the fantastic mimicry of Divine right which its adherents sedulously deduce from the supposed choice of the multitude.

If the personal character of the King was not ill suited to his difficult task, the statesmen who served him furnished a proof that in France, as in more fortunate countries, a Constitutional system naturally tends to develop the political ability which it requires. Talleyrand and Fouché were rather the diplomatic representatives of the Allied Powers than the Ministers of the Sovereign whose restoration they had largely facilitated; and as soon as the new Government was securely established, their influence became no longer indispensable. The Duke of Richelieu, as the heir of an historical name, and as an experienced administrator, gave lustre and reputation to a Government practically conducted by colleagues who understood more justly the working of free institutions. The Prime Minister performed for his country the important service of hastening the departure of the army of occupation; but the inauguration of Parliamentary Government was accomplished by Decazes, by Lainé, and by De Serre. Villèle, who rose by unaided ability to the lead of the Royalist party, was, by the confession of his adversaries, a man born for affairs. In securing the indemnity for the emigrants he rendered an invaluable service to his supporters; but his extraordinary merit was chiefly proved by the discipline and moderation which he imposed on the inexperienced and intolerant party, who at last precipitated their own ruin by becoming impatient of his control. Chateaubriand was rather a Conservative agitator than a practical statesman; but his temporary pre-eminence illustrated the power of public opinion and the characteristic respect of the French nation for literary genius. Charles X., with the blind instinct of despotism, sought in Polignac the qualities or defects which distinguish a courtier from a statesman. The Revolution of 1830 once more restored France to the guidance of its natural leaders, by the establishment of a system in which M. Guizot was only the first in merit or success of many who might be considered his peers in eloquence and in political capacity.

#### MRS. JAMESON'S EARLY ITALIAN PAINTERS.\*

THIS little book is so exact a reprint of the former edition, which appeared in 1845, in the shape of two of Mr. Knight's *Weekly Volumes for all Readers*, that we can only suppose it has been worked off from the old stereotyped forms. Nothing is different but the paging. Not only is there no correction or augmentation of the original issue, but even the references have not been altered. For example, in a note to the memoirs of Andrea Castagno and Luca Signorelli, we are referred to a matter "as already related at page 105;" whereas the note itself occurs in this new edition at page 102. There are similar blunders in other places. Again, we notice that "the collection of Miss Rogers, the sister of the poet," is spoken of as though it still existed; and the same sort of inaccuracy prevails throughout the volume. In short, no pains have been taken either to re-edit the book creditably, or to correct its matter according to the present state of information on the subject. The woodcuts, again, are mere reproductions from the old blocks; and, though they enliven the letter-press, they are far less suitable for the illustration of a handsomely got-up volume like the present than they were for the cheap fugitive series in which they first appeared. Some of them, indeed, are well chosen and fairly drawn; but they are unequal in merit and different in style, and not a few of them no better than caricatures.

We are the more sorry for these drawbacks, because Mrs. Jameson is most deservedly a very favourite author with the public, and whatever she writes is sure to command a large

audience. She should be the more careful how she caters for them. The text itself is, upon the whole, judiciously compiled, and very agreeably written. It is founded, of course, upon Vasari, and makes no pretensions to original research. Few branches of literature are more attractive than the biography of artists, and especially of the early artists of Italy. The stories of Giotto, or Fra Angelico, or Leonardo, or Raffaele, must be very clumsily told indeed not to fascinate their readers. Mrs. Jameson is never more in her element than in a work of this description; and we can heartily commend her volume as a most pleasant collection of biographical sketches. It is just the book for a prize or a present to an intelligent child, and is likely to kindle in many a mind an interest in the literature and criticism of art. We do not say that the lives before us might not have been corrected and improved by the aid of the researches of Rio or Marchese, or Cartier or Harford; but, taking them as we find them, we can speak of them in terms of warm approbation.

Mrs. Jameson begins her series with Cimabue. Rejecting his claims to be considered as the sole, or even the chief, regenerator of the art of painting, she nevertheless assigns him his due place as one of the most distinguished progressive artists of his time, and takes occasion to give an able and generally trustworthy bird's-eye sketch of the state of Christian art from its first origin to the thirteenth century. We demur, indeed, to being referred to St. Mark's at Venice, which was not founded till 976, for specimens of the mosaic art "from the seventh to the ninth century." And we think that the early artists, who preceded even Guido of Siena, and Giunta of Pisa, such as Andrea Riccio, Barnaba, and the earliest Venetian school, might have been commemorated. But, on the whole, the *résumé* is excellently done. Mrs. Jameson remarks—what, indeed, must have struck all accurate observers—the marvellous superiority of the sculpture of Niccolò Pisano to the design of any contemporary painters. There has been a tendency of late to undervalue this great art-reformer; but the more the date of his works is considered, the more justice, we think, will be done him. The life of Giotto, which succeeds, is treated *con amore*. "Than Giotto," says his present biographer, "no single human being of whom we read has exercised, in any particular department of science or art, a more immediate, wide, and lasting influence." Here we have some very passable illustrations—the head of the youthful Dante, from the Podestà at Florence; and a charming female figure, from the Marriage Procession of the Virgin, in the Arena Chapel at Padua. Had the book been corrected to this date, we should have been referred to the Arundel Society's engravings of the frescoes of the Paduan Chapel, in illustration of the great painter's style. The principal Giotteschi are briefly discussed after their leader; and Orcagna, Simone Memmi, and Taddeo Gaddi, are commemorated in connexion with the Campo Santo of Pisa. It is provoking to read in a volume bearing the date of 1858, that no works of the last-named artist are known to be in England, when we remember that the National Gallery has for some years possessed two very characteristic specimens.

The fifteenth century opens, in Mrs. Jameson's sketches, with Lorenzo Ghiberti. Though not a painter himself, this eminent sculptor exercised so great an influence on all contemporaneous art, that he fairly deserves his place here. Mrs. Jameson acutely compares his relation to the late Florentine school with that of Nicolas of Pisa to the artists of the preceding century. She describes the famous competition for the gates of the Baptistery, as a matter of "particular interest at the present moment" in connexion with "the competition which is about to take place among our own artists, with a view to the decoration of the Houses of Parliament!" We pass on to Masaccio, ("which might be translated *Ugly* or *Slovenly Tom*,") one of the most famous names in the history of painting. His portrait, as given here, is more successful than most of those that adorn the volume. Very little is known of Masaccio's life or character. The dates of his career are among the most disputed questions in art-history. Mrs. Jameson sides with Vasari and Rosini in assigning 1443 as the year of his death, at the early age of twenty-six. Fra Filippo Lippi and Fra Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, two friars as unlike each other in their moral character as in their methods of painting, are linked together in the title of the succeeding chapter. Mrs. Jameson selects them as the leading representatives of the two schools of Naturalists and Mystics, or Idealists, which began to diverge from each other at this epoch of the development of art. Her sympathies, as is well known, are strongly pronounced in favour of the more religious succession of painters, and few persons have done more than this accomplished writer to explain and recommend the characteristics of the spiritual school to English connoisseurs. Benozzo Gozzoli is, however, the only one of the immediate followers of the B. Angelico who is favoured with a memoir. The close of the century saw the Naturalistic school dominant in Florence, under the patronage of Lorenzo de' Medici; and Mrs. Jameson repeats with something like malice the story of Andrea Castagno assassinating Domenico of Venice, after learning from him the Flemish secret of painting in oils. Sixtus IV. became Pope in 1471, and from that time the Sistine Chapel at the Vatican became the chief theatre of progress in painting. Here were trained Botticelli, Luca Signorelli, and Domenico Ghirlandajo. Verrocchio, whose services to art are scarcely less important than those of Ghiberti, is barely mentioned in Mrs. Jameson's summary. Mantegna, on the other hand, is honoured

\* *Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters, and of the Progress of Painting in Italy.* By Mrs. Jameson. New Edition, with Numerous Illustrations. London: Murray. 1858.

with almost undue importance. He is credited, too, with his full share of praise for the introduction of engraving; and here we have a digression on nielli, block-books, and the like. Mrs. Jameson is guilty of a mistake in this section, which can scarcely have escaped her notice since the first publication of the book, but which reappears in this new edition. Speaking of the famous *pax* of Finiguerra, whence the first idea of copperplate engraving is supposed to have been derived, our author naturally attempts to explain what a "pax" is. But, unhappily, she confuses it with a very different article of church furniture. "A pax or pix," she says, "is the name given to the vessel in which the consecrated bread or wafer of the sacrament was deposited." Her own woodcut of Finiguerra's *niello* might have shown her that a "pax" was not a vessel. A "pax" and a "pix" have, in fact, nothing in common except their first and last letters. The former is a small metal plate or tablet, with a handle behind, which is used in giving the symbolical kiss of peace in the service of the Mass.

The school of Venice now rises on the scene. Its origin, and its inheritance of skilled design from Padua, and of colour from Flanders, are duly commemorated; and we have a sketch of the elder Bellini's romantic visit to the Sultan at Constantinople, to which we owe the frequent occurrence among early engravings of the portrait of Soliman. But the great succession of Gian Bellini is interrupted by a digression on the school of Umbria. Mrs. Jameson leans more than we can do to a belief in the charges of avarice and irreligion brought against Perugino. The character of his works goes far, we think, to refute the calumny. Francia, on the other hand, is noticed, and his style and chief works described, in one of the most pleasing memoirs of the book. And we may say the same of the chapter on Fra Bartolommeo, though the episode of Savonarola is treated at much less length than is usual among art-historians. It is strange to find the author inclined to dispute, in favour of Columbus, Mr. Hallam's dictum that Leonardo da Vinci has, "beyond all doubt, the right to stand as the first name of the fifteenth century." We have so lately discussed in these pages the life of this great man, in noticing M. Rio's second volume, and that of Michael Angelo under Mr. Harford's guidance, that we may pass on at once to Mrs. Jameson's next memoir—that of Andrea del Sarto. She gives a portrait, but not a flattering one, of the painter, and describes the wretchedness and shame of his life through the misconduct of his beautiful but profligate wife. The likeness of this woman is familiar to all who know Del Sarto's works; and her somewhat vulgar and impudent look is the chief drawback from the graceful beauty of her husband's masterpiece, the famous Madonna del Sacco. To Raffaele and his school Mrs. Jameson devotes her longest chapter, containing an elaborate description of the cartoons at Hampton Court, and of his other chief works. She considers the Madonna di San Sisto, "in execution and design, probably the most perfect picture in the world." "It is painted throughout," she says, "by Raffaele's own hand; and as no sketch or study of any part of it was ever known to exist, and as the execution must have been, from the thinness and delicacy of the colours, wonderfully rapid, it is supposed that he painted it at once on the canvas—a creation rather than a picture." Photography has made this astonishing work and its several parts comparatively well known to untravelled students; and hundreds who could never afford the cost of an impression of Müller's engraving may, by means of this process, have a copy far better than any engraving for the adornment of their homes. Mrs. Jameson is a staunch defender of Raffaele's purity of character, and, rejecting the story of the Fornarina, adopts Passavant's suggestion that her supposed portrait represents Beatrice Pio, a celebrated improvisatrice of that time.

Passing over the principal Raffaelleschi and the peculiar school of Ferrara, we come to Correggio, the great master of *chiaro oscuro*, who, with Giorgione at Venice, headed independent successions. With respect to the former, the present memoir discredits the story of his dying in indigence, and, on the contrary, draws a pleasing picture of his honourable prosperity and domestic happiness. The Venus, Cupid, and Mercury in our National Gallery is as good a specimen of this master's inimitable manner as is to be found out of Parma. Next we have an interesting sketch of Parmigiano; and then the volume concludes with memoirs of the unrivalled colourists of Venice—Giorgione, Titian, Tintoretto, Veronese, and Bassano. The first of these is deservedly a special favourite of our author's. She describes his peculiar melancholy sentiment of design, and his intense colouring, in glowing terms. "His execution," she adds, "had a freedom, a careless mastery of hand, or, to borrow the untranslatable Italian word, a *sprezzatura*, unknown before his time." And she classifies his works, in the three groups of historical pictures, idyls, and portraits, in a very masterly and instructive way.

We are fortunate in having, in the Bacchus and Ariadne of the National Gallery, an epitome of the chief excellences of the still greater Venetian, Titian. The biography of this artist is enriched here with a list of the chief portraits of his eminent contemporaries which his prolific pencil has left us. Mrs. Jameson considers him the last really great painter of Italy; for Tintoretto and Paolo Veronese were rather his contemporaries than his followers. She pursues her subject no lower, but concludes with a sneer at the platitudes of the Carraccis and the feeble eclecticism of the mannerists.

We have pleasure in recommending this volume—in spite of its anachronisms and uncorrected typographical errors—as being not only a most able and agreeable compilation, but as serving to convey an instructive picture of the whole course of early Italian painting, in its rise, its climax, and its decline.

#### KINGSLEY'S ANDROMEDA, AND OTHER POEMS.

IT is easy to understand how the great Apostle of the Flesh, in choosing a subject for a poem, should be drawn to the Homeric and mythic age of Greece. The high intellectual civilization of Athens, with its Socrates, its Sophists, and its Cynics, would be almost as little an object of sympathy to him as the age of macerated monks.

Sudden she ceased, with a shriek: in the spray, like a hovering foam-bow, Hung, more fair than the foam-bow, a boy in the bloom of his manhood, Golden-haired, ivory-limbed, ambrosial; over his shoulder Hung for a veil of his beauty the gold-fringed folds of the goat-skin. Bearing the brass of his shield, as the sun flashed clear on its clearness, Curved on his thigh lay a falchion; and under the gleam of his helmet Eyes more blue than the main shone awful, around him Athens Shed in her love such grace, such state, and terrible daring. Hovering over the water he came, upon glittering pinions, Living, a wonder, outgrown from the tight-laced gold of his sandals; Bounding from billow to billow, and sweeping the crests like a sea-gull; Leaping the gulfs of the surge, as he laughed in the joy of his leaping. Fair and majestic he sprang to the rock; and the maiden in wonder Gazed for awhile, and then hid in the dark-rolling wave of her tresses, Fearful, the light of her eyes; while the boy (for her sorrow had awed him) Blushed at her blushes, and vanished, like mist on the cliffs at the sunrise. Fearful at length she looked forth: he was gone: she, wild with amazement, Wailed for her mother aloud; but the wail of the wind only answered. Sudden he flashed into sight, by her side; in his pity and anger Moist were his eyes; and his breath like a rose-bud, as bolder and bolder, Hovering under her brow, like a swallow that haunts by the house-eaves, Delicate-handed, he lifted the veil of her hair; while the maiden Motionless, frozen with fear, wept loud; till his lips unclosing Poured from their pearl-strung portal the musical wave of his wonder.

Compare this delicious picture with Simeon Stylites on his pillar—with a stiff-necked picture of a saint in a painted window—or with those monks and holy virgins who, by the habit of going naked, became so completely covered with hair as to require no clothes—and you have the difference between the philosophy of Mr. Kingsley and his school, and the philosophy of those who desire to "deliver the celestial spirit from the bondage of flesh and blood." The spirit of the young gentleman described in the lines we have quoted could hardly be very anxious to be released from its carnal prison-house, with the adjacent female dungeon.

*Andromeda* will, we believe, be thought a very successful effort of its kind; and its success arises from its not being a mere classical exercise, but the production of one who enters as heartily into what is rather priggishly called the "sensuousness" of the Homeric life as Walter Scott does into chivalry, or Dr. Newman into the ecclesiastical life of the middle ages. It is a glowing Etty-picture of the best kind, but with a romance which Etty wants, or only gets now and then by accident rather than by art. It would be difficult indeed to find a more striking manifestation of the common element of poetry and painting. Few have studied beauty more deeply than the author of *Andromeda*—few have such command of language and such descriptive power. The spirit of the heroic age, too, seems to us to be truly caught, and there is genuine Homeric pathos in the parting of *Andromeda* and her mother. As to metre, the haters of classical hexameters will probably allow that these are about the best they ever read. It seems pretty clear that had Mr. Kingsley, instead of preaching his peculiar social philosophy in novels, taken to poetry, using his philosophic sympathies merely as his guide in the choice of subjects, he would have been a very considerable poet.

It is of course almost impossible for a modern writer, by any effort of imagination, to throw himself back so completely into the feelings of the Homeric age as not occasionally to fall into an anachronism. It is an anachronism, we venture to think, when *Andromeda* addresses the sea thus:—

Even as I loved thee, dread sea, as I played by thy margin,  
Blessing thy wave as it cooled me, thy wind as it breathed on my forehead,  
Bowing my head to thy tempest, and opening my heart to thy children,  
Silvery fish, wreathed shell, and the strange lithe things of the water,  
Tenderly casting them back, as they gasped on the beach in the sunshine,  
Home to their mother—in vain! for mine sits childless in anguish!  
Oh dread sea! false sea! I dreamed what I dreamed of thy goodness;  
Dreamed of a smile in thy gleam, of a laugh in the plash of thy ripple:  
False and devouring thou art, and the great world dark and despicable!

This impersonation of the sea, with the "smile in its gleam," the "laugh in the plash of its ripple," certainly would find no parallel older than Apollonius Rhodius. The "opening of the heart" to the children of the sea, is a piece of modern sentimentalism which would scarcely find a parallel older than Rousseau.

The end of the poem, which makes Athene, the goddess of wisdom and heroic virtue, set aside the light Aphrodite, and claim as her own the task of rewarding and blessing the love of Perseus and *Andromeda*, is an excellent instance of allegorical teaching by poetry, without the smallest detriment to the poem as a work of art. This is a far more effectual, as well as more legitimate method of making art serve a moral purpose, than the

• *Andromeda, and other Poems.* By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1858.



thinly disguised arguments and diatribes which rouse the logical antagonism of the reader.

Of the smaller poems in the book, the principal is "Saint Maura." The picture of the African saint crucified beside her husband is drawn with undeniable power, but many people will be inclined to doubt whether the subject, thus worked out into detail, is not too horrible for the best purposes of art. The influence of Tennyson's historical pictures is perceptible here, as the general influence of Tennyson is perceptible throughout Mr. Kingsley's poems, no less than those of the other poets of our day. It should be noted that "Maura," and one or two of the smaller poems, such as the "Ugly Princess," show that Mr. Kingsley's sympathies are not cramped, but extend to types of character very different from that which he seems to love best.

The smaller pieces are mostly wild and sad, and a very large proportion of them are about the sea. The key-note of them is in the lines:—

Scream on, ye sea-fowl! my heart echoes your desolate cry.  
Sweep the dry sand on, thou wild wind, to drift o'er the shell and the sea-weed;  
Sea-weed and shell, like my dreams, swept down the pitiless tide.

We are inclined to object to the "Bad Squire," not because we doubt that there are bad squires enough, or that it is a good work to reform them; but we doubt whether, in such lines as these, you do not, while trying to mend one hole, make two. A poacher's widow is cursing the game-preserver by whose keeper her husband was shot:—

In the season of shame and sadness,  
In the dark and dreary day,  
When scrofula, gout, and madness  
Are eating your race away:  
When to kennels and liveried varlets  
You have cast your daughter's bread,  
And, worn out with liquor and harlots,  
Your heir at your feet lies dead;  
When your youngest, the mealy-mouthed rector,  
Lets your soul rot asleep to the grave,  
You will find in your God the protector  
Of the freeman you fancied your slave.

The "Day of the Lord" is a kind of battle hymn of Christian Socialism, or whatever the social philosophy of Mr. Kingsley and his friends is to be called, and it seems to us to be the concentrated expression of what we venture to think essentially a fallacious idea of the nature of the contest which "earnest" men have to wage with the evils of the world:—

#### THE DAY OF THE LORD.

The Day of the Lord is at hand, at hand!  
Its storms roll up the sky:  
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold;  
All dreamers toss and sigh;  
The night is darkest before the morn;  
When the pain is sorest the child is born,  
And the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, angels of God—  
Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth;  
Come! for the Earth is grown coward and old;  
Come down, and renew us her youth.  
Wisdom, Self-Sacrifice, Daring, and Love,  
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,  
To the Day of the Lord at hand.

Gather you, gather you, hounds of hell—  
Famine, and Plague, and War;  
Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule,  
Gather, and fall in the snare!  
Hireling and Mammonite, Bigot, and Knave,  
Crawl to the battle-field, sneak to your grave,  
In the Day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down and sigh for a lost age of gold,  
While the Lord of all ages is here?  
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,  
And those who can suffer, can dare.  
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,  
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do,  
In the day of the Lord at hand.

These are spirited lines; but no such military crisis as they imply ever has occurred in the struggle between good and evil, or ever will occur till the actual day of Armageddon. It is not on a "battle-field" that the contest is really waged, nor is the victory to be gained by an almost physical effort of martial prowess for which "true hearts" may muster their energies as they would for a conflict with an enemy of flesh and blood. Nor do the two armies stand divided and arrayed over against each other in this manner. The soldier going forth to the fight will find that, whatever may be the case with "Famine, and Plague, and War," "Idleness, Bigotry, Cant, and Misrule" are not charging him front to front, but lurking beneath his own breastplate; and that it is there that the main struggle is to be carried on. It would be a long controversy to discuss whether this is the darkest hour of the night, or whether there is any particular reason at this moment to expect that the "Day of the Lord" is dawning, and that the "meekest of saints" are likely soon to be called upon to "do stern work." The "Last Day" has been pretty frequently fixed, and as often unavoidably adjourned; and possibly the "Day of the Lord" may be in the same predicament. It is better to be careful how you screw people up for that which after all may not be "at hand."

The "Early Poems" contain the germs of tendencies which have since been developed, and display a promise of power which has since been fulfilled.

#### THURSTAN'S PASSIONATE PILGRIM.\*

THIS is the record of an unrequited passion entertained from infancy to manhood by the writer for the daughter of a neighbour. An autobiographical sketch without, or almost without, incident, and tracing the growth and culmination of a single feeling is a dangerous attempt. It is only to be justified by the feeling having been singularly real, constant, and intense. Mr. Thurstan's book, however, has this justification. For the depth of passion, for the tenderness and unity of sentiment which it displays, it is a really remarkable work. It is evidently the expression of something that has truly and honestly been undergone. So far as there is any story in the volume, it appears that an early intimacy led the writer to entertain an attachment for a playmate, that the feeling was cherished through school and college life, was crushed by the frank and cheerful impassibility of its object, but survived to be the curse and burden of a life. Into this framework are set very fresh and delicate pictures of happy early days, and of visits paid to the lady in Italy, in Germany, and in different parts of England, with an analysis of the fluctuations and modifications of the author's own feelings, and an account of the studies at Oxford and elsewhere which he thinks have most powerfully influenced his mind; and as he is possessed of a considerable command of English, and of a highly cultivated mind, his book is well worth reading for all who have a taste for this kind of literature.

But such a book cannot be popular. Not that grief which expresses itself in words seems necessarily unreal. Mr. Thackeray, in laughing at the early sorrows of the heart, has often told his readers that an unhappy love which finds a vehicle in prose or rhyme is a very bearable malady. If this is the rule, there are, at any rate, exceptions. Why persons who have felt very deeply should give utterance to their sorrow is often difficult to say. We do not, for instance, quite understand why Mr. Thurstan should lay bare so many private thoughts, and tell the world so many sad experiences. But real emotion is something unmistakable, and we can tell its presence in an instant. Still, a record of intense feeling—especially of love—can never be acceptable to the generality of readers, because intense feeling is quite out of their range. Happily for the world, affection, not passion, is the link that binds the human race together. To care so very much for a woman is a thing which, to ninety-nine men out of a hundred, seems morbid and impossible. They can reach the level of genuine sorrow when the course of their love is made to run roughly, but they are open to the consolations of time, of friends, of books, of physical enjoyment and excitement. And women care even less for the effusions of passion; for although, if a woman is capable of passion, and has her capability tested, her feelings are generally more intense, and more completely absorbent of her whole existence, than is the case with men, yet women have much less power of entering, through the experience of others, into the border-land between passion and affection. Mr. Thurstan's work is therefore addressed to a very small audience. And not only must this be in some degree true at all times, but the temper and fashion of the present day are opposed to the productions of philosophical romance. Sentimentalism is not the fashion. There was a time when, for their own credit, people might have felt called on to weep over sorrows with which they could not sympathize, but that certainly is not the present mood of London or European society.

What Mr. Thurstan's book wants is art. It would be difficult to point to a work which more strongly illustrates what is the sphere of art in fiction-writing, or, what is much the same thing, in autobiography. Real feeling is the necessary foundation, and nature must precede art; but after having undergone, and even while still in some degree undergoing, the pangs and delights of the most deep and genuine passion, the artist—the man, that is, of creative genius—recasts, moulds, and harmonizes his experience. He can at once see what his feeling is to himself, and what it can be made to others. He can eliminate what is superfluous, not with regard to complete truth, but with regard to attainable impressiveness. Goethe, who possessed the power of doing this in a degree as high as any man, did it consciously, and revealing his consciousness to the world, gave an appearance of coldness, because he seemed too completely the master of himself. But all great writers go through the process, consciously or unconsciously. Now, with Mr. Thurstan it is all pure nature. He never thinks of his reader, never shrinks from saying too much, or hesitates to bring in anything that interests him. This fidelity to nature is a great thing—it is much better than anything artificial, or any approach to a factitious adherence to rules of criticism; but it is only the artist that can powerfully and permanently affect mankind.

It is natural that a mind eminently susceptible and sedulously trained should, if it is not creative, be in an excessive degree receptive. Mr. Thurstan is burthened with the thoughts of other men. He has always some expression or recollection, some borrowed figure or analogy, which stands between him and the reader. And his style has the monotony of a constant elevation. It is all pitched in a high key. We feel throughout the book as if we were carried to a lofty hill to look at the kingdom of man's passions and sufferings with Mr. Ruskin as our inter-

\* *The Passionate Pilgrim; or, Eros and Asteros.* By Henry J. Thurstan. London: Chapman and Hall. 1858.

preting devil. A few pages, a picked passage or two, of the book, are therefore more impressive and effective than the whole. But if, when we descend to details, we find much to criticise, we also find much to praise and admire. The language is often felicitous and striking, and the thoughts are often original and suggestive. The writer, for instance, discusses the remedies offered by the kindly, the sensible, and the pious to the victims of a great grief, and explains why he found them practically inefficacious, and he does this with an openness, a quietness, and a thoroughness that are really striking. His book is not a great book, it is not a production of artistic genius, but it is not one to be lightly passed over, or easily forgotten.

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Doors open at One, the Opera will commence at Half-past One o'clock.  
Boxes, from 41 11s. 6d. to 25 5s.; Pit Stalls, 21s.; Pit and Gallery Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d.

Morning dress only is necessary.  
TUESDAY, June 8th, will be produced, for the First Time, VERDI's Opera, LUISA MILLER. By Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, and Madame ALBONI; Signors GIUGLINI, VIALETTI, CASTELLI, and BENVENUTANO.

THURSDAY, 10th, will be repeated VERDI's LUISA MILLER, for the Benefit of Mlle. PICCOLOMINI.

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Friday.—The Theatre will be CLOSED in consequence of a NIGHT REHEARSAL OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Saturday (for the BENEFIT OF Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN), Shakespeare's Play OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced. Preceded by SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

### ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

Mr. and Mrs. CHARLES KEAN respectfully inform the Public that their ANNUAL BENEFIT will take place on SATURDAY NEXT, June 12th, upon which occasion Shakespeare's Play OF THE MERCHANT OF VENICE will be produced with the same accuracy of detail and historical correctness that have marked the previous revivals at this theatre. In consequence of this arrangement, KING LEAR will be repeated THREE NIGHTS MORE, and then withdrawn, to make room for THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR, Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. On Tuesday next (Last Time), FAUST AND MARGUERITE.

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GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

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**THE 157TH ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION of the GOSPEL in FOREIGN PARTS** will be celebrated in St. Paul's Cathedral, on TUESDAY, June 15th. The Sermon will be preached by the LORD BISHOP of DERRY. Divine Service with a full Choir will commence at half-past Three P.M.

The District Treasurers and Secretaries will meet at the Society's Office on Tuesday, June 15th, at Eleven o'clock A.M.

**THE ANNUAL MEETING IN THE CITY of LONDON** will be held, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor, in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion-house, on THURSDAY, June 17th.

Tickets of Admission may be obtained at 79, Pall-Mall, and 4, Royal Exchange, by Subscribers to the Society, on and after June 1st, and by Non-subscribers, on and after June 9th.

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All Persons who effect POLICIES on the Participating Scale BEFORE JUNE 30th, 1858, will be entitled at the NEXT BONUS to One Year's Share of Profits beyond last Assurers. Proposals should be forwarded to the Office before June 20th. The last Annual Report, as also a statement of the Sixth Bonus declared in January, 1857, setting forth in detail the whole state and affairs of the Office, and especially the Benefits which will hereafter accrue to Persons now Assuring, can be obtained of any of the Society's Agents, or from the Office.

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From the Report which was read, it appeared that during the year ending 1st March last 470 Policies were issued. The sum thereby assured amounted to £213,970, and the Annual Premiums thereon to £7,033.

The following was the position of the Society at 1st March, 1858:—

Amount of Existing Assurances.....	£4,957,144
Annual Revenue.....	182,717
Accumulated Fund.....	1,090,400

Copies of the Report may now be had at the Head Office, or from any of the Society's Agents.

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A Weekly Court of Directors is held every Wednesday, from Eleven to One o'clock, to receive Proposals for New Assurances; and a Short Account of the Society may be had on application at the Office, where attendance is given daily from Ten to Four o'clock.

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